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Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

"THE SENTIMENTS OF THEM ALL."

From The Boston Courier.

WE quoted recently a passage from the Albany *Evening Journal*, in which Mr. Thurlow Weed, we suppose, laid down the indisputable proposition:

> "The more than incendiary, the scarcely less than infernal spirit represented by Mr. Sumner in the Senate, Wendell Phillips in the forum, and *The Tribunes* of the press, has united the Southern peoples, and now threatens to divide the North."

Now, as Thurlow Weed is the right-hand man of Mr. Seward, and Mr. Seward is the right-hand man of the President, we get at the sentiments of them all in this way, and find pointed out to us at the same time the remedy for the overwhelming evils which overshadow the country. If persons and presses like those spoken of by *The Evening Journal* are still to retain their hold, whatever it may be, upon popular sentiment, so as to mould political action in the future, we may as well give up at once and forever even the shadow of a hope for the country. The process would be like that of a blacksmith welding a piece of iron on his anvil with a sledge-hammer, of which the handle is already weakened by *a split*. Every blow he strikes with it unites more firmly the particles of the metal upon which he labors, but at the same time tends to shatter the handle of the instrument he wields, until at length it is broken in two by the exertion of his own strength, and he stands disconsolate and helpless.

An avowal like that of *The Evening Journal* ought to sink deeply into the mind of every man in Massachusetts. This is not the accusation of an opponent, but of an influential member of the Republican party, in habits of life-long and familiar conference with the Secretary of State. Our business in Massachusetts, if we would do anything towards saving our country, is to retrace our steps, in correspondence with the conservative policy which we may fairly presume the President is about to pursue. Unquestionably, that powerful and admirable state paper, the reply of the Border State majority, must have brought conviction to his mind, that only one way was open to him towards a possible reconciliation between the divided sections of the country—and that was by claiming, upon constitutional grounds, the services of all true friends of the Union, and thus necessarily leaving the disloyal radicals, the seekers after disunion, to their fate. We see it stated that strong division in the Cabinet has now occurred on this point, resulting, no doubt, from the promulgation of his military order, his appointment of Gen. Halleck, and his resolution to pursue "a conservative war policy." Let us trust that this will result speedily, as it must eventually, in the withdrawal of at least three obnoxious members of his Cabinet. We shall also trust that Massachusetts will determine resolutely to stand by him in carrying out that policy, and will see to it that her Congressmen shall be of the same mind.

FRAUDS OF THE RADICALS.

THE doctrine of the radical man always is that a good end justifies any means, however wicked. The freedom of a slave they claim to be so high an object that to accomplish it they would destroy the owner's property in the slave, take the owner's life, murder women and children, overthrow the government itself. We state nothing but plain and well known truths. No Abolitionist paper or individual will say that any of these wrongs are so great as to stand in the way of freedom. But it is not alone great crimes that radicalism justifies. It descends to the petty vices, and practises frauds in the name of liberty, which would be only contemptible if they were not dangerous to the community. It is a sad truth that few radical men have any regard to personal honor or probity, in their political dealings or in propagating their sentiments. Frauds are constantly perpetrated by them, for the purpose of furthering their ends, and men who have the reputation of honesty in ordinary matters are guilty of the grossest dishonesty in their political or what they call their "moral" work. Thus it occurs that the country is flooded with falsehoods in the interest of radicalism. We could note a hundred which have received direct contradiction, but which have not discouraged the manufacturers, or taught wisdom to the circulators. All remember the falsehoods about Gov. Stanley, subsequently acknowledged by their author, who is as high as ever in the Abolition Church, and whose retraction has not yet elicited the apology which decency requires from those who abused "Scorpion Stanley" with their slanderous pens. * *

We might go on with an endless account of the dishonesty of radicalism. It demoralizes the man who adopts it. It leads orators and newspapers to indulge in the most debased, and debasing style of rhetoric, substituting the language of the pot house for the arguments of sensible men, and overwhelming their opponents with that style of oratory which makes an English fish-market famous. It has well nigh ruined our country. It can no more be trusted to-day in its professions of loyalty than in its representations of fact, and the present distracted state of the country is due to the loud and long wails of radicalism, which have rung through the land, from men who are openly on war committees or at least professing to encourage the enlisment of soldiers, but who at heart sympathize with the excuses of cowardice, "I will not enlist until the President decrees emancipation," "I will not enlist until the President call negroes to enlist with me."

NOT A WORD.

HAS the Republican press had a word to say against Wendell Phillips, who publicly boasted that he had been engaged for nineteen years in the work of destroying the Union?

Not a word!

Has it had a word to say against Vice-President Hamlin, who knowing Phillips's treasonable sentiments, publicly left the Speaker's chair, in the United States Senate, and almost embraced him on the floor of that body?

Not a word!

Has it had a word to say against Senator Wade, who declared publicly in the Senate that "the man who prates about the Constitution in this great crisis is a traitor"?

Not a word!

Has it had a word to say against Representative Bingham, who said in the House, only a month ago, "Who in the name of Heaven wants the Cotton States, or any other State this side of perdition, to remain in the Union if slavery is to continue?"

Not a word!

Has it had a word to say against Thaddeus Stevens, who recently said in Congress that he "was not for the restoration of the Union if slavery is preserved"?

Not a word!

Has it had a word to say against any of the fanatics who declare "the Constitution a league with hell," and "the Union a covenant with the Devil"?

Not a word!

Has it had a word to say against any of its friends who have plundered the treasury in one year of a greater sum than the yearly current expenses of Mr. Buchanan's administration?

Not a word!—*Lebanon (Ohio) Advertiser.*

Selections.

THE SECRETARY OF STATE AND THE ADMINISTRATION.

From Bennett's Herald, July 24.

IMPORTANT POLITICAL DEVELOPMENTS.

THE Albany dispatch which we publish this morning foreshadows a political revolution in this State of the greatest significance at this juncture of our national affairs. The radicals, or, as they are now called "the infernal Republicans," under the lead of Sumner and Greeley and their Abolition associates in the Emancipation League and elsewhere, have kept up such an incessant clatter that it looked as though they had clear sailing. But it appears that while they were spending their time in idle words, with the intention of browbeating the President into their plans for the total destruction of our armies and the success of Jeff. Davis, skilful engineers have been at work devising and preparing plans for their complete overthrow in this State. The article which we published a few days since from the Albany *Evening Journal*, in which the Sumner and Greeley school of politicians were directly charged with uniting the South, and characterizing their work as more than incendiary and infernal, was significant that we were on the eve of important political combinations which would secure a complete revolution in the political affairs of this State. It now turns out that that article was but the result of a new union already formed, with a change in front of the political batteries of the two powerful central organizations at Albany, and that henceforth the infernal Republicans of the Sumner and Greeley school will be forced to shift for themselves, and seek the aid of their natural allies, the secession sympathizers in our midst.

This new movement on the political chessboard is nothing more nor less than a union of the conservative Democrats and Republicans on Gen. John A. Dix for Governor—a Union officer, who has been in the service of his country ever since the commencement of the rebellion, and has proved a safe and efficient commander—with William H. Seward for United States Senator. The latter gentleman, having for a long time labored in the Cabinet against the schemes of the infernal Republicans, until the President has triumphed over them and planted himself on the side of the Union and the Constitution, is now, it is said, desirous of returning to the Senate, where he can meet the infernal band in their own den. This announcement, coming, as it does, upon the heels of President Lincoln's action in reference to the Confiscation bill, forms an important chapter in the history of our country. In times like these the public look to men instead of party resolutions or party platforms for the signs of the times, and upon them they centre their hopes and fears of the future. Around representative men, and not high sounding resolves, the people will rally. If, then, as our Albany dispatch indicates, the two Albany Regencies have thrown aside all party differences and united upon the above plan for the purpose of centreing the entire conservative element upon Gen. Dix for Governor, no person can doubt the result or have the least fear but that the infernal Republicans—of which *The Tribune* is the special organ—will be forced to the wall in this State, and what little power they have be taken from them. Let this plan be carried out by the Conservatives in all the other loyal States, and the defeat which they have just been compelled to submit to by the firmness of the President on the Confiscation bill will prove their final rout, and the end of their incendiary, infernal and diabolical proceedings in Congress.

[The Albany Dispatch alluded to above is as follows:]

ALBANY, July 23, 1862.

The editorial article of the Albany *Evening Journal*, copied in yesterday's *Herald*, has attracted universal attention and created general alarm among the radicals or "infernal" Republicans, as they are [illegible] of the political committees at this place, it has a significant bearing, especially since it is understood that it was from the pen of Thurlow Weed. It is understood to be a signal for separation between the conservative and "infernal" Republicans, and is but one of the first developments of the contemplated union between the two regencies in the coming election for Governor and members of Congress.

The knowing ones assert that the Conservative Republicans and the Democrats are to unite on Gen. John A. Dix for Governor, and that Wm. H. Seward will be returned by the next Legislature to the United States Senate. It will be remembered that the name of Dix was put forward by the Democratic Convention when it assembled here, and the final agreement between the Democratic and Conservative leaders was effectually announced by *The Evening Journal*. . . . . . Any person who has carefully watched the movements of a certain class of politicians could have long since discovered that a union between the two regencies of this State, in support of the policy of the President, would be effected in the coming campaign; but in what form or in what manner was not positively understood. That the programme now is Dix for Governor and Seward for United States Senator you can fully rely upon.

Where the "infernal" Republicans will now go no one can positively state; but it is presumed that they will organize their party with some one of their numerous leaders for Governor and Greeley for United States Senator, take Senator Chandler's treasonable speech for their platform and go into the contest. They will not be strong enough to accomplish anything save their own ruin, without uniting with some faction; and with the union between the Conservatives there will be none left except the secession sympathizers, or the class which has been so largely represented in Fort Lafayette. With a union with that class the "infernal" Republicans will be in their element, and thus show to the world their true feelings, and be openly laboring for the object which heretofore they have worked for under the Union dodge—the success of the Southern Confederacy.

From all this it will be readily seen that we are on the eve of important political changes, many of which will account for much that has taken place. Look out for a regular storm and universal howling among the infernal Republicans.

[Dispatch from Washington, published the same day in the same paper.]

WASHINGTON, July 23, 1862.

PROBABLE REORGANIZATION OF THE CABINET—THREATENED RETIREMENT OF MR. SEWARD.

There is a crisis in the Cabinet. Mr. Seward, who has so ably filled the Department of State, is unsettled as to what his future course shall be, and is desirous of being relieved from the further care of his present position. The reasons for Mr. Seward's indisposition to remain longer in office are well known in political circles here. He objects to the radical policy partially forced upon the President by the Confiscation and Militia acts of the late Congress.

Mr. Seward's idea from the start has been to conduct this war in such a manner as to make a reunion of the States possible. He therefore wished the government to have a record, at the close of hostilities, such as no other nation ever had before at the conclusion of a war. In his conference with Lord Lyons, which was published in the Blue Book of the English Parliament, Mr. Seward informed his lordship that it was the intention of the President, and his own intention, to show to the world an exhibition of magnanimity towards the persons involved in this rebellion such as the world has never yet seen; and this has been the key to the past action of the Administration. It favored no harsh measures; not a spy has been hung; not a guerilla executed, except at the instance of subordinates, who had no authority from headquarters. The war has been conducted in a dispassionate spirit, and with a desire to so end it that no future ill would exist between the two sections of the Union. Mr. Seward is so fully and so thoroughly committed to this view that he is not at all satisfied that it is his duty to remain in the Cabinet, now that a sterner policy has been determined upon. He, and those who believe as he does, reason that the more civilized, more Christian, and higher the motives that animate an army, the better will it fight; that if indiscriminate pillage is permitted; if the sentiment of hate is to replace the patriotic love of the Union, and if all the worst and most savage passions of the Union troops are allowed vent, they will not only be unable to effect their object, but will be poorer fighters therefor. Savages, in his view, will never fight as well as the civilized races, who are not moved by the impulses of passion.

The disasters before Richmond, due to the intermeddling of the Abolition fanatics, gave these same agitators a reason for passing through Congress a bill which conflicts with Mr. Seward's notion of how the war should be conducted. The cry for a change in the Cabinet has come up from all parts of the country, and Mr. Seward makes this a reason for asking the President that he shall be one of those who shall retire, so that when the new policy is fairly inaugurated, it will not be embarrassed by divisions on the part of the President's "constitutional advisers." If a radical policy is to be pursued, he argues that it is but fair that a radical Cabinet shall have a chance to put it in operation. Hence there have been turmoil and trouble in the Cabinet. Mr. Lincoln is desirous that Mr. Stanton should withdraw, but will not remove him, as he believes that Mr. Stanton is more sinned against than sinning. At the same time Mr. Lincoln is exceedingly anxious to retain Mr. Seward in his present position. There was some little feeling at the commencement of the Administration on the part of the President, against Mr. Seward, on account of the obvious endeavor of the latter to control, in fact to be, the Administration. "Honest Old Abe," however, is a marked individual in himself, and assumed the reins of power, leaving Mr. Seward to control the foreign policy of the government, which he has done with marked ability. What the upshot will be no one can tell. The withdrawal of Mr. Seward would probably lead to a recast of the whole Cabinet, and this Mr. Lincoln is not prepared for.

Mr. Seward will consent to remain in his present position only upon the condition that the recent acts of Congress shall be so interpreted as to conform as far as possible to the previous policy of the government, so that no general pillage or destruction of private property in the South shall be permitted, and that slaves shall not be used, except merely as laborers in the army. If such modification is decided upon Mr. Seward may remain in the Cabinet, but not otherwise.

From The National Intelligencer.

SEMI-OFFICIAL STATEMENT OF MR. SEWARD'S POSITION.

On the authority of its "telegraphic dispatches" from Washington, that journal [*The Herald*] informs the public that, from the conflicting views of the members, "the Cabinet has been on the verge of complete dissolution"; that Mr. Seward had made up his mind to resign his position if his counsels were not acceded to; that his retirement would have led to an entire reconstruction of the Cabinet; that to avoid such embarrassments at this crisis, and especially desirous to retain the invaluable services of Mr. Seward, the President has resolved to harmonize the execution of the Confiscation and Militia acts, etc. Furthermore, that a new movement on the political chessboard is a move of the conservative Democrats and Republicans to make Gen. Dix Governor of New York and Mr. Seward Senator in Congress.

It appearing to us that statements of dissensions in the public councils at this critical juncture might receive some credence abroad, if none at home, and prove prejudicial to the public interest in the European world, we thought it our duty to ascertain whether any foundation really existed for revelations of so serious a character. We therefore took the liberty of seeking the truth where we were sure of finding it; and to our inquiries respecting the alleged discords and possible rupture of the Cabinet, we were frankly answered, so far as the Secretary of State is concerned, as follows:

The honorable Secretary freely admitted that he felt perhaps more sensibly than others the importance of avoiding misapprehensions in public affairs, because it devolves upon him to daily counteract the effect abroad of publications which often are not more inconsiderately made than they are speedily corrected at home. The armies of the government, which are strong as they are brave, need reënforcements, and the world needs to know that they are promptly coming in response to the call of the government. Every rumor of division of counsels and of conflict among or about Generals, every private jealousy, and even the utterance of sects, tends to defeat. The Secretary, therefore, felt fully authorized and at liberty to say that he never exercised nor assumed a power or a duty in the progress of this war with which he was not specially charged by the President, and in the performance of which he was not always in free communication with him. That neither to the President nor to any other person has he ever expressed distrust of the President or any of his associates in the government; but, on the contrary, has uniformly supported and defended them all. That he has not been quick or willing to entertain complaints against any General, whether Scott or McDowell, Fremont or McClellan, or Halleck, or Grant, or Buell, or Dix, or Sigel, or Shields, or Banks, or Blenker, but has exerted his best endeavors to sustain them all, more when they encountered defeats than when they achieved victories. That he has neither introduced nor encouraged any test question in the Cabinet concerning men or measures, or even said or thought of insisting on the appointment, or approval or rejection of any man, or the adoption or rejection of any measure, as a condition of adherence to the Administration, to the war or to the cause of the country. He has never seen any intemperance in debate in the Cabinet, and has discouraged it in public bodies and journals, equally, whether it appeared in favor of his own views or against them. That he never proposed or even thought of requiring the removal or the overruling of the propositions of any member of the Cabinet, nor has he proposed or thought of resigning his own place in it, nor has ever one word of unkindness or distrust passed between the President or any of his official advisers and himself. He is content, as he hitherto has been, to remain where he is, so long as this causeless and iniquitous war continues, and so long as the chosen Chief-Magistrate of the country requires it, even though his advice should be overruled, which happens very rarely, and then in cases which his own judgment, better informed, sometimes approves. At the same time he would not, if he could, for any reason prolong his stay in the place he now holds one hour beyond the time when the President should think it wise to relieve him. And when he shall retire from it it will be with the determination he has more than once heretofore expressed, under no circumstances whatever to be a place-holder in the service of his country, even although, as he most confidently expects, it shall emerge in its full strength and greatness from its present troubles. He hopes no one of his fellow-citizens thinks so unkindly of him as to suppose that he would be content to exercise power in a fraction of it, if it should consent to be divided.

From Bennett's Herald.

THE RECENT CABINET CRISIS.

Certain of our contemporaries who, as usual, did not have the news, are disposed to question the truth of our statement that Mr. Seward seriously proposed to resign from the Cabinet in the event of an inauguration by the President of the "base, bloody and brutal" policy suggested by the radicals previous to the adjournment of Congress.

The facts are briefly these: The Administration has had a definite policy in the conduct of the war since it commenced. It was to so use our armies and shape our policy as to render a reunion of the States possible; and to this end the domestic institutions of the South were to be disturbed as little as possible, and the rebels were to be defeated—as they only can be defeated—by good Generals, plenty of men, and an abundance of cannon. So far the campaign against the South has been a magnificent success. We have possessed the whole coast, the Border States, and the whole valley of the Mississippi; and all that remains is to conquer the armies congregated at Richmond, and the rebellion is at an end. Owing, however, to the machinations of the abolition agitators, Gen. McClellan has met with a partial reverse before Richmond, and this has been seized upon by the "infernal" radicals as a means to coerce the Administration into a savage method of conducting the war, which is certain to divide the country irredeemably and forever, if carried out.

Upon the passage of the Confiscation and Militia acts, Mr. Lincoln and the Cabinet were put into a serious dilemma. General Halleck—upon whom it had been determined to bestow the position of Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the United States—and nearly all the leading Generals in the Union service, together with an influential section of the Cabinet, were entirely opposed to the policy of the "infernal" Republicans; and to inaugurate a savage warfare, in accordance with the wishes of the radical majority in Congress, would have caused serious discontent in the army. Mr. Seward, Mr. Bates, Mr. Smith and Mr. Welles, in the Cabinet, strenuously opposed the new policy, and insisted upon conforming with the original programme of the Administration. Hence the recent war order interpreting the confiscation policy in accordance with the previous views of the President. Mr. Seward would not have remained in the Cabinet had the extreme radical policy been decided upon. Neither would Mr. Bates nor Mr. Smith have remained. To avoid the crisis and the collecting together of men new to the administration of affairs, the President wisely determined—for the present, at least—to depend upon his armies, rather than upon the niggers, to maintain the Union intact.

The dispatch respecting the crisis in the Cabinet was sent us before the war order was issued modifying the Confiscation act, and before it was officially announced that Gen. Halleck was Commander-in-Chief of the army. This order, however, and the appointment of the new Commander-in-Chief, confirmed the views contained in the dispatch, and we accordingly published it. Of course, now that the matter is settled, an effort will be made in official quarters to persuade the people that no resignations were thought of in the present Cabinet.

A NEW PROPOSAL FOR PEACE.

From The Evening Post.

AN ingenious person, who signs himself, at the bottom of a circular, "Irad Kelly, Esq., of Cleveland, Ohio," issues a proposal for a Peace Convention to arrange matters between the enemies of the Union and its friends. He also states that he is now in Columbus, Ohio. Is it possible that "Irad Kelly, Esq." writes from the lockup in which secessionists are sometimes put for safe keeping? Mr. Kelly's proposition, divested of nonsense, is simply to call together a convention at Louisville, to be composed of one delegate from each of the thirty-four States, and one additional from each of the five largest Northern and Southern States. These delegates, having met, are advised by Mr. Kelly to make peace in the following manner:

> "Let New England become a separate republic, Boston its capital. All the remaining States and Territories become another, Washington its capital."

There you have it. "New England," continues Mr. Kelly, "can be detached and be as good friends as ever. * * * The South will not consent to receive them until they repent and forsake." And that even details may not be wanting, he adds: "Let Lincoln and Davis resign, and Millard Fillmore be appointed President by award and by acclamation, John Bell and John J. Crittenden be Vice-President and Secretary of State, or some other good Southern selection—all other offices distributed fairly."

When Aristophanes made Trygæus ascend to heaven on the back of a fat dung-beetle to bring down peace, the wicked wit must have meant to satirize some grovelling creature like "Irad Kelly, Esq.," who calmly desires to give the rebels not only all they want, but more than they dared hope for, and is ready, if only the enemy will consent, to buy peace at the price of honor and liberty, and think he is making a good bargain.

Ingenious "Irad Kelly, Esq."! he thinks the best way to secure peace is to submit to your enemy's demands. "Do not beat me," said the donkey to his master; "but, if you want to, you may." So Mr. Kelly would entreat the South: Do not be hasty or overbearing, do not bully us, do not overthrow the Union and the government—but, if you want to, you may; and, with a humility more abject than the poor donkey's he emulates, he is even anxious to assist the enemy, and give him more than he wants. If "Irad Kelly, Esq.," were a donkey, and we do not say he is not, he would respectfully point out a bigger stick to his truculent master; he would show him the most tender spots on his wretched carcass; he would entreat him, humbly, not only to beat him, but also to spit on him. We recommend Mr. Kelly to the Boston *Courier*, the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, and other journals which humbly solicit a beating at the hands of their Southern masters. They will admire the abject acquiescence of "Irad Kelly, Esq., of Cleveland."

NEGROES IN THE REVOLUTION.

IT is a suggestive fact that those who are making the noise against the employment of blacks in our armies are almost uniformly civilians, generally of Northern or of foreign birth; while those whose conduct they denounce are military men of Southern antecedents, who ought to know what negroes are good for. Gen. Fremont was born in South Carolina and educated at the South; Gen. Hunter is a native of Delaware, brought up among negroes, and still an extensive slaveholder. On the other hand, our Generals who have issued orders forbidding or rendering difficult the use of negroes in our armies were all born at the North. Gen. Jackson, who organized, drilled and employed a black battalion for the defense of New Orleans, and paid a public tribute to their good behavior, was an extreme Southerner and slaveholder; and he, in his order calling those negroes into service, declared that the failure to employ them previously was a grave mistake. We don't believe there is an editor in New York who understands the matter better than he did.

Mr. George H. Moore, Librarian of the N. Y. Historical Society, has just issued in a small pamphlet "Historical Notes on the Employment of Negroes in the American Army of the Revolution." It is very curious and instructive, and will be read at this time with the deepest interest. It appears that negroes served in the armies of the Revolution throughout, though at first there was the greatest repugnance to accepting them. The Massachusetts Committee of Safety resolved, in May, 1775, that slaves should not be employed in our armies. Gen. Washington, July 10, prohibited by order the enlistment of "any negro." Nov. 12 of that year, the prohibition was repeated. Still, it was notorious that negroes *were* in the army, a good many of them—and on the 30th of December (the very darkest hour of the struggle) Washington issued a counter-order, authorizing the enlistment of *free* negroes, subject to the *dis*approval of Congress, which (Jan. 15 ensuing) decided that "the free negroes who served faithfully in the army at Cambridge may be reënlisted therein, but no others." In 1779, Hamilton wrote from Washington's headquarters (March 14) his celebrated letter to John Jay, President of Congress, urging a general freeing and arming of able-bodied slaves, insisting that they would make capital soldiers. March 29, Congress, at the urgent instance of Col. John Laurens, a distinguished South Carolina patriot and large slaveholder, resolved to enlist three thousand South Carolina and Georgia slaves, provided those States would consent. Laurens was sent as Commissioner to remove obstacles to the success of this project, backed by the warm approval of Gen. Nathaniel Greene, who certified that the blacks would make good soldiers. But the slaveholding legislators of South Carolina repelled the proposition. Again Col. Laurens pressed it, and again it was rejected. Laurens thereupon wrote to Gen. Washington as follows:

> "I was outvoted, having only reason on my side, and being opposed by a triple-headed monster, that shed the baneful influence of avarice, prejudice, and pusillanimity in all our assemblies. It was some consolation to me, however, to find that philosophy and truth had made some little progress since my last effort, as I obtained twice as many suffrages as before."

Washington's sagacity had already foreboded this result, and he so told Col. Laurens in his response, adding:

> "That spirit of freedom, which at the commencement of this contest would have gladly sacrificed everything to the attainment of its object, has long since subsided, and every selfish passion has taken its place. It is not the public, but private interest, which influences the generality of mankind, nor can the Americans any longer boast an exception. Under these circumstances it would rather have been surprising if you had succeeded."

Laurens tried again in 1782, but the slaveholding instinct was too strong for him, and he was again defeated.

A partial return signed by Adjutant-Gen. Scammel shows 720 negroes serving in the main Continental army under Gen. Washington on the 24th of August, 1778. But that is known to have been very imperfect. It utterly excludes the Rhode Island battalion then in existence, composed wholly of slaves who had enlisted to gain their freedom. Gen. Cooke had been engaged in raising this battalion, believing that at least three hundred good soldiers could thus be obtained in that little State. And, says Mr. Moore:

> "His expectations were not disappointed; and these slaves who were to win their own freedom in fighting for American Independence took the field in force. Before the end of the year, these men were tried, and not found wanting. In the battle of Rhode Island, Aug. 29, 1778, said by Layfayette to have been 'the best fought action of the whole war,' this newly raised black regiment, under Col. Greene, distinguished itself by deeds of desperate valor, repelling three times the fierce assaults of an overwhelming force of Hessian troops. And so they continued to discharge their duty with zeal and fidelity—never losing any of their first laurels so gallantly won. It is not improbable that Col. John Laurens witnessed and drew some of his inspiration from the scene of their first trial in the field."

Maryland and New York in 1781 expressly authorized by law the enlistment of negroes in their respective quotas. New York alone offered freedom to all slaves who should serve three years or until discharged. Virginia and other Southern States promised one slave as a bounty to white volunteers. James Madison improved on the idea as follows:

> "Without deciding on the expediency of the mode under consideration, would it not be as well to liberate and *make soldiers at once of the blacks themselves* as to make them instruments for enlisting white soldiers? It would certainly be more consonant to the principles of liberty, which ought never to be lost sight of in a contest for liberty; and with white officers and a majority of white soldiers, no imaginable danger could be feared from themselves, as there certainly could be none from the effect of the example on those who should remain in bondage; experience having shown that a freedman immediately loses all attachment and sympathy with his former fellow-slaves."

The fact that the Virginia slaveholders, when drafted to serve against the British, often sent their slaves as substitutes, promising them freedom as the reward of faithful service, and that, when the war was over, many of them attempted to cheat their slave substitutes out of their well-earned reward, is already well known. The Legislature, under Mr. Jefferson's influence, compelled these rascally repudiators to toe the mark, authorizing every slave so cheated to sue as a pauper and recover his liberty, without cost to himself.

So much for the leading *facts*. Let them be duly and fruitfully pondered.—*Tribune.*

THE WHITE MAN'S WAR.

A FIRE broke out on Lake street last night about 11 o'clock. The wind was blowing a gale. The steam engines, from long disuse, were inefficient. The firemen, from the same cause, were blundering in their operations, and the orders issued by the captains of the different machines were contradictory and damaging. The flames, unchecked, roared and leaped like so many demons of destruction, and as they swept eastward toward the lake, westward toward the south branch, and northward over Water street, and among the shipping at the docks, laid anything low that they embraced. The banks, the splendid temples of commerce which the industry and taste of our merchants had reared, the dwellings of the rich and the humbler tenements of the poor, the shops of the artisans and the offices of the professional men, numberless hotels, a theatre, lecture-room and lyceum, were taken up by the lurid heat and dissipated in flame and smoke. The ruin was immense; but the destruction of human life was appalling. The falling of every roof was an announcement that a company of gallant firemen, and hundreds of citizens who had volunteered to assist in stifling the destroyer had been killed. The scene was terrific. Mothers went up and down the lurid streets seeking their sons. Fathers in agony assisted in bearing loved ones to homes that they were to honor no more. A wail filled the city from end to end, and thousands, not of women only but strong men, prayed as if their last day had come. But neither work nor prayers stayed the destruction. And by and by the ranks of the helpers grew thin. The dead and maimed could work no more, and the others grew tired with the superhuman toil. Just before day, hardly an hour before we went to press, a thousand black men, living in the South Division, roused by the clangor of the bells, the cries of the wounded, and the roar of the elements, come and offered their aid in beating back and subduing the conflagration. They had lived long in the city; they knew it well; they were fresh, healthy and accustomed to toil; they were eager to help; and everybody knew that they were earnest in their offers. But higher than the conflict of fire and water, above the din of machinery, the groans of the wounded, the shrieks of women and the deep groans of men, rose the contention over the offer that the black men made. "D—n the niggers," cried out the men who were more than suspected of being the incendiaries; "*let them go home and do their tasks—this is a white man's fire!*" At this point, while the [illegible] God grant that our next issue may bring to our readers the settlement of the question on the side of public safety and humanity. A rumor comes that it is likely the blacks may be allowed to work to the leeward with house-pails. An elderly gentleman named Browning opposes even this. The fire is still making good headway as we close.—*Chicago Tribune.*

REBEL BARBARITY.

Correspondence of The Tribune.

CINCINNATI, July 14.

AMONG those who have been devoting much labor to both the physical and spiritual wants of the sufferers in Camp Dennison, the Rev. Mr. Clayton, an earnest Methodist, formerly of the Bethel in this city, has been prominent. All the sufferers there have learned to look for his visits with anxiety. In the language of the Dutch doctor there, the general opinion is, "If preacher Clayton ain't a Christian, then t'ain't vort a tam to pe a Christian."

Few things are more interesting than the results of his visits through the various wards, but I shall confine myself to some notes I have of conversations of his with the wounded rebels, of whom we have 34 there. They are all from somewhere in the Southwest, and have all applied to the government for permission to take the oath and be released thereon. No answer to their united petition has been received.

Among those with whom Mr. Clayton held long conversations was a Baptist preacher from Tennessee, a Mr. Neil. He asked him how he chanced to be there. "Oh, they came the scare on me," was his rejoinder, and he told a story of the horrible treatment of Union men in his neighborhood, which brought upon him "a spirit of fear." One of the number who was evidently near his end gathered up all the strength he had, and told his story as follows: He had been postmaster in a small town in Van Buren County, Tenn. A day was appointed to take a vote on the secession ordinance, and in that precinct they got seven votes for it; dissatisfied with that they appointed another day and got six; they tried a third time and got one. They then began the system of persecution and lynching. "That you may judge how this was carried on," said the man, "I will give you one case. It may seem incredible to you, but as you see, I am not far from the grave, and I would not appear before my Maker with a lie in my mouth. There was in Van Buren County an old Methodist preacher of a great deal of ability named Cavender. He was from the first a most determined Union man, and as his influence in the County was great, they determined to make an example of him and get him out of the way. So they took him out of his house, put a rope around his neck, and, setting him upon a horse, led him out into a forest. They then told him that unless he would publicly renounce his Unionism they would hang him. Cavender replied, "God gave me my breath to bear witness to His truth, and when I must turn it to the work of lies and crime, it is well enough to yield it up to Him who gave it." They then asked him if he had any parting request. He said "he had no hope that they would attend to anything he might ask." They said they would. He then requested that they would take his body to his daughter with a request that she would lay it beside the remains of his departed wife. They then said: "It's time to go to your prayers." He replied, "I'm not one of the sort who has to wait until a rope is around his neck to pray." They then said, "Come, old man, no nonsense; if you don't swear to stand by the Southern Confederacy you'll have to hang," at the same time tying the rope to a branch. The old man said, "Hang away." One then gave a blow with a whip to the horse upon which Cavender sat—the horse sprang forward, and the faithful servant of God and his country passed into eternity. You will remember that they said they would fulfill his last request. *Well, they cut the flesh off of his bones and threw it to the hogs; his heart was cut out and lay in a public place till it rotted.* Can it be wondered if few are strong enough to resist these the only legitimate arguments for rebellion?

HUNTING DOWN SOLDIERS WITH BLOOD-HOUNDS.

Correspondence of The Bloomington (Ill.) Pantagraph.

On arriving at Memphis from the hand-car capture, I found that Gen. Grant had determined on sending out to the scene of the disaster, the 6th Illinois cavalry, five companies, and the 58th Ohio regiment. I determined to try my luck again, and accepting the invitation of Col. Criswell of the 6th, to accompany him, we started on the evening of the Friday after the capture. Saturday morning we found the remains of the engine and train. This was three miles from Germantown, a town of about 400 inhabitants, all the rankest kind of traitors. We had not been on the ground half an hour before information was received that our men had been hunted down by hounds. Yes! they had used a new arm in civilized warfare. The hounds used to hunt the runaway chattels were for the first time used to hunt white men. A Mr. Cash, who lived near the scene of the disaster, had a pack of six celebrated hounds; in fact, pets, as Mr. Cash afterward told me. These were let loose, and put on the scent of the Illinoisans, and right well they worked.

Twenty-five or thirty were hunted down; some who had run eight miles in the woods and brush. One man they followed fifteen miles, but for some reason did not touch him, and finding he could make friends with the dogs, if not their masters, he finally escaped. Another was not so lucky. He was caught in a corn-field, and before the humane cavalry could come to capture him, the hounds had torn him considerably.

This may be thought by some of your readers as the tale of some excited negro. To be sure, the negroes first told us of the fact, but as those who had escaped came straggling back, the worst came to light. McLean County men were chased and caught—treed until their captors could find time to call the dogs off and take possession of their prisoners. One Bloomingtonian, belonging to the 14th Illinois, just returning, was among the unfortunates—his name I did not learn.

SPIRIT OF THE CHIVALRY.

[A correspondent of *The Tribune* in the Mississippi Flotilla, under date July 19, says:]

John Gosher, engineer of the Lancaster, was slightly scalded by the explosion of the mud-receiver on Tuesday, and in the confusion of the moment stepped overboard, and swam for the Louisiana shore. Before he could reach land, however, he found himself exhausted; and being near the Arkansas, moving slowly down the river, he struck out for her, and caught hold of her stern. He had not clung there but a few seconds—an object of pity and sympathy that a Patagonian would have respected—when a rebel thrust his rifle out of a loophole, and shot the poor fellow through the head, scattering his brains over the surface of the water.

I heard this story at the time, but as I did not witness it myself, I thought it too revoltingly cruel even for a secessionist. Since then I have been assured of the truth of the report by a soldier who was swimming near the engineer when he was so foully murdered. The soldier also says that the crew of the Arkansas fired upon him and every man they observed endeavoring to save himself in the river. Is there aught too barbarous for the boasted chivalry of the South to commit? Is there any limit to their inhumanity? Are they exceptions to the laws of justice and the promptings of mercy supposed to govern, under certain pity-provoking circumstances, even the fiercest of savages?

[Another Western correspondent of *The Tribune*, speaking of Mitchel's campaign, says:]

Gen. Mitchel's negro spies brought him information that the enemy was advancing in large force upon the village of Athens. Having but a few men there, an immediate retreat was ordered. All succeeded in escaping by rail except a few in the last train of cars. The rebels managed to get in front of this train and saw the timbers of a bridge over which it would have to pass. When the train came upon the bridge the timbers gave way, and all together, train and bridge, went down with a crash. The engineer, in attempting to jump off, was caught by one leg between the engine and tender with his head downward, with the hot coals from the engine falling upon him. His shrieks brought the negroes to his assistance, but those demons in the garb of rebel soldiers beat them back and would not allow them to render any assistance.

THE FATAL LETHARGY.

From The Evening Post.

A deep lethargy [illegible] upon the sleep of death. Our duty as public journals will not permit us to remain silent longer; we have kept our peace perhaps too long already; we will not cease now to warn the people of the dangers that threaten them; we counsel them to take heed of those who are conducting their affairs; and we demand of the government an energy and will of which it has yet shown no sign.

The reverses at Richmond were not so important in themselves as they were significant of long mismanagement and dereliction of official duty. It is the knowledge of these which troubles the nation; assure us that they will cease immediately, and the countenance of the country will brighten in an instant; there will be no more fear, no more discouragement, no more lack of recruits, no more reverses, no more talk of "splendid strategic movements," and "changes of base in the presence of the enemy."

What do we now discover? Why, that the President has been trusting great armies to the mismanagement of Generals who were known to be unfitted for their places just as well last December as now; and what is more, we see them still continued in command, after they have nearly sacrificed the armies they were leading. It is this which grieves and discourages the people. If it were known that the President, whose good intentions no one doubts, would for the next six months put on the half of Andrew Jackson's energy, that knowledge alone would be as good as adding the three hundred thousand men to the army; it would be such a warning to bad Generals and such an encouragement to good ones as to make victory certain and soon to come.

What is the Administration thinking about? We speak of it collectively, because it is collectively responsible, though its members differ greatly in their mental and moral qualities, and for some of them we have high respect. Does this Administration suppose that it can carry on this war longer in the manner in which it has been carried on? We affirm that to be impossible. The world has never seen a rebellion as formidable as this put down without great means used with great spirit by great men. When the Administration lays this to heart the rebellion will receive its death-blow, and when the people lay it to heart they will put it into the heart of the Administration. If there be any members of the government in perplexity what to do, let them resign; there are hundreds, nay thousands of men in this country as able, to say the least, as they, who have no such perplexity.

This is a time to speak plainly. We do not mean to be sacrificed by the infidelity or incapacity of any of our rulers, if we can prevent it. Men have been lifted, by their own desire, into high places, knowing that they assumed high duties, and they must perform them, or give way to others who will. We want boldness, decision, vigor. Irresolution may do us almost as much mischief as infidelity. The failure of a General in a single instance should be followed by instantaneous dismissal. Try one General after another till a good one is found. The material for proper officers exists in the army, no doubt, or if not in the army it does exist among the people.

After Bull Run we were told that the bad officers were to be weeded out of the service. Are there none yet remaining? Have none sacrificed their troops, because they did not know how to lead them into battle, or use them while there? Have none made ignoble retreats or run away? There have not been many fugitives, we rejoice to believe, but there have been some, and have these been denounced by name or punished? Has any officer, at any time, been shot or cashiered for cowardice or neglect of duty? The desertion of the Norfolk Navy Yard was as flagrant a military crime as has been committed since this Administration came into power, and yet it has not had the spirit to punish the criminals. Fit prologue this for the drama which followed. Are the men who have the management of these things mad or false?

We have lost sight of many first principles, and the sooner we return to them the better. One of them is, that success in the long run is not accidental, but that there is a fixed correspondence in nature between means and ends. Tell us when the nation is to put its best men into its most responsible places, and we will tell when this war is to end. Watch the elections in the autumn; and if the same party hacks are nominated and elected, be assured that the war will not end this year nor the next. The people speak through those whom they appoint, and when they take the matter in hand they will choose many new leaders in council and the field.

Meanwhile let us cease not, through the press and by personal address, to demand of the Administration that change in its action which alone can reassure the country and hasten peace. It has been dreaming, sleeping, playing, trifling. If it would awake from its lethargy without an electric shock from the popular nerve, it would do well for the country and its own fame; but, either from its own vitality or the [illegible] the people, it must and shall be awakened, and raised to higher thought and new life.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1862.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 48 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 48 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

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SELF-DEFENCE.

WHAT is to befal the North after the Three hundred thousand soldiers now recruiting shall have been expended like their predecessors, half in camp and hospital diseases, and half in battles which leave the conflicting parties in the same position? The sooner the people look at this question, the sooner they will begin to provide against a continuance of our present destructive policy, the constant repetition of past errors.

It appears from the recent report of our faithful Washington correspondent, that McClellan admits that he has lost 80,000 men since last April. The grand result of the action and inaction of these three months is that McClellan is safe, after a defeat and a retreat, and that Richmond also is safe. Can we afford to expend the new levies in precisely the same manner as the old, and with the same result? Will the fathers and mothers, the brothers, sisters and wives of the Three hundred thousand account it sufficient, if after their sacrifice McClellan is still safe?

As far as light is thrown on the condition of Richmond by the meagre and fragmentary accounts which we obtain, that city is stronger than ever. Still, it may ultimately be taken. When the rebels shall find their safe occupancy of it no longer possible, they will evacuate, according to custom; and a week after their departure we shall discover the fact; and march in, and take possession. Their army, meanwhile, will have fortified itself somewhere else—there is a good deal of space yet left to be occupied in the Southern country—and then will commence a new series of *strategetic* movements.

Judging from the present aspect of our government, the Three hundred thousand *are* to be expended in precisely this manner, only that, in this season, the operation of disease upon them will be more rapid than formerly. After they shall have been used up, the next reënforcements of the army must come by drafting.* What we now have to suggest is addressed to those who must furnish that next supply. The question for them to decide is—Will they *now* put means in operation which shall secure to them, when they come to fight, the hearty good-will and active coöperation of four million of the Southern population, instead of their indifference or opposition? Will they use strategy enough, before taking up the musket, to enlist the negro on their side? Will they accept the help of four million of persons who ask nothing better than to be allowed to help them? Even these questions do not intimate the full advantage of the measure proposed. It remains further to be asked—Will the men who are to fight our future battles take these willing and most efficient allies when, at the moment and by the act of taking them, the rebel army in and around Richmond will be dispersed without a battle, the more Southern regiments scattered to their several homes, and the question for our Northern men now to decide. [illegible]

The policy of our government towards the Southern blacks has been various, capricious, self-contradictory, and therefore ineffective. On the whole, it has done very much more to repel than to attract them. Many masters have ran away from their slaves; but, on the whole, the majority of slaves have no more chance at successful escape from their masters than in the palmiest times of the Fugitive Slave law. Just as our Northern States would not afford them a refuge, in time of peace, so, on the whole, our armies at the South will not now afford them a refuge. This state of things allowed the Southern States to send their regiments away to the various quarters where they were needed. This state of things now allows the concentration of an enormous force, drawn from all those States, in Richmond. The question is—Shall we change this state of things, so advantageous to them, so pernicious to us? Shall we at once use the means needful to change it?

Nothing can be plainer than that, if we offer our alliance to the colored people of the South, they will rejoice to take it. Nothing can be plainer than that a Proclamation of Freedom to the slaves, and of invitation to them and to the free people of color to coöperate with and receive protection from the U. S. armies, would at once place both slaves and free at the disposal of our government, and gain for us, at once, innumerable advantages towards a successful prosecution of the war. Nobody doubts that we can have these people, as far as their good-will is concerned, the moment we ask for them.

Is it not obvious, then, that as soon as we do ask for them, with the trumpet-tone of a Presidential Proclamation, the Southern men who are now with the Richmond army must either lose their slaves or immediately go home to guard them? In either case, what an immense gain to our armies, in every part of the hostile region!

If the slaves come to us without obstruction, we gain very great advantages, of various kinds. We gain hundreds of thousands of able-bodied men, who can immediately aid the army by working, and who can soon be put in condition to aid it by fighting. We gain also abundance of able-bodied women, who are accustomed to hard, out-door work, and who know better how to cook than our soldiers. We gain accurate intelligence of the strength and weakness of the enemy, and of the precise position of his stores, of arms and ammunition, of other supplies for the soldiers, of food, and of cotton. We gain, finally, guides for all the army movements; men who know the roads and streams as well, and other practicable routes much better, than the white men of the same region. If the slaves had been welcomed to our camps heretofore, their information alone would have spared us many reverses, and tens of thousands of lives, wasted, for want of this precaution, in groping blindfold against the entrenched enemy.

If, on the other hand, alarmed by such a Proclamation of the President, and such an attitude of our armies, the rebels guard their slaves so effectually as to prevent most of them from escaping, it is certain that they will have neither time nor men to spare for any other purpose. The guards, the patrols, the Vigilance Committees, the military preparations which we know were thought to be needed against the escape or insurrection of slaves long ago, when the slaves had nobody to help them, must then be very largely increased *in every place where slaves are held*, and especially in all the region within fifty miles of any U. S. force. To keep up this guard effectively would require all the men now in arms against us, and would require them to be scattered from their present points of concentration. Most certainly, South Carolina and the Gulf States, which declared at the commencement of the rebellion that they *did not want* the alliance of the Border States, would immediately discover that their regiments were needed for something more important than the defence of the Capital of Virginia. Look at the necessities of self-defence engendered by the system of slavery; look at the extreme sensitiveness shown by every Southern man at every movement, national or individual, of interference with that system; and then judge whether the slaveholders must not fly to the defence of this, their most vulnerable point, as soon as it is attacked; and judge, finally, whether the Federal army is not entitled to the help derivable to it from the measure proposed; help which the Commander-in-Chief can give at any moment he pleases.

The President and the President's wife dislike this measure; and on account of this dislike the blood of the army continues to be wasted, an enormous expenditure of money continues and increases, and the very life of the nation is still kept at hazard. The interests of the nation are not now defended by the President. The necessity has become urgent that the nation take measures for its own safety.

If the friends of the Three hundred thousand who are now about to be led to sacrifice, and the Three hundred thousand more who will shortly be drafted, will publicly demand of the President the immediate enforcement of a measure so needful, at once for the safety of the army and the welfare of the nation, this mighty voice will at once overpower the accursed Border State influence which has led us to the brink of ruin. The President will at once recognize it as the voice of destiny, and will no longer shrink from the long evaded duty.

Without the negro, we probably cannot conquer the South, but assuredly we cannot *hold* her conquered. Without the negro on our side, the struggle will prolong itself until foreign intervention comes, when we must either yield the point for which we are contending, or adopt, under vastly less favorable circumstances, the very measure now proposed.

With the negro drawn to our side by the promise to him, before the world, of freedom, friendly alliance, and fair play generally, we first scatter the defenders of Richmond and take that emblematic city. We next compel the Border States, either to an immediate attitude of loyalty or a speedy submission. And we gain, simultaneously, an amount of physical and of moral strength which will insure our steady advance toward success throughout the country, even if the European powers, under those circumstances, shall be foolish enough to interfere.

The question is—Will the Northern people, seeing that the Nation's life, as well as the lives of their brethren in arms, now hangs trembling in the balance, at once demand help of the President? demand that help towards both these necessities, that certain relief from both these dangers, which the alliance of the colored people would give us? Do we not all need this, as a measure of indispensable Self-Defence, apart from the claims of justice and righteousness in the same direction? And shall he who holds this power be suffered any longer to keep it wrapped up in a napkin?

PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND THE CAMERONIANS.

WE learn from *The Evening Post* that the Synod of the Reformed Presbyterian Church (New School, we infer) has followed the example of the Progressive Friends in sending a Committee to the President, to urge upon him the duty of decreeing the emancipation of the slaves. The Committee had an interview with the President on Thursday, the 17th ult.; Messrs. Moorhead and McKnight, of Pennsylvania, accompanied them. The Chairman, Rev. Dr. Douglas, addressed Mr. Lincoln upon the position long occupied by that Commission on the subject of slavery, and, at the President's request, read to him, and presented him with a copy of the resolutions of the Synod upon that subject.

Mr. Lincoln then replied. As to the moral character of the institution of slavery, and as to its political bearing on the institutions of this or any other nation, he said there was between him and the Committee no difference of sentiment. He went on to say:

"Had slavery no existence among us, and were the question asked, Shall we adopt such an institution? we should agree as to the reply which should be made. If there be any diversity in our views, it is not as to whether we should receive slavery when free from it, but as to how we may best get rid of it already amongst us. Were an individual asked whether he would wish to have a wen on his neck, he could not hesitate as to the reply; but were it asked whether a man who has such a wen should at once be relieved of it by the application of the surgeon's knife, there might be diversity of opinion; perhaps the man might bleed to death as the result of such an operation.

"Feeling deeply my responsibility to my country, and to that God to whom we all owe allegiance, I [illegible]

Mr. Hill remarked that the Synod did not desire to harass or embarrass the Chief Magistrate, by pressing these subjects on his attention; but feeling confident that the heart of the President was with their heart, and duly appreciating the difficulties of his position, the Synod hoped by such action somewhat to strengthen his hands. The President cordially assured the Committee that he was was far from regarding such action as theirs as troublesome or embarrassing.

Mr. Hill gives his impressions of the President:

"Our President is characterized by a simplicity of manners almost child-like; yet certainly no one could retire from such an interview with him without being thoroughly persuaded both by his words and his manners, that he is deeply, solemnly in earnest. With such a conviction, at least, did the Committee leave the executive mansion. They felt encouraged, also, to believe that with such a Magistrate, the plain, but respectful, expression of sentiment which our Church had given, could not be without its influence.

"Though reported to be a man of genial humor and of much natural and habitual vivacity of disposition, Mr. Lincoln presented a careworn, anxious appearance, resulting no doubt from the heavy burden of labor and responsibility accompanying the administration of the government in these sad days of rebellion and bloodshed."

The President's comparison of slavery to a wen on the neck is deficient in some important specifications, and therefore imperfect as an illustration. To make it fit the case, we must suppose, first, that the patient is certain of speedy death unless the wen is removed; secondly, that wens on the neck have in a great many instances been cut out, while not a single life was ever lost by the process. The case standing thus, should we not think the surgeon a fool if he refused or hesitated to use the knife?

And here, probably, we touch the point where the President, himself utterly ignorant, is misled by others—perhaps by men who, seeing the truth, designedly cover it up. He probably supposes there is truth in the oft-repeated plea of the slaveholders and their apologists, that it is not safe to give freedom to slaves; whereas, if he would only look into history for himself, he would discover that emancipation is never dangerous, and that it has always worked well in proportion as it was not gradual but immediate. The wen of slavery has been cut out of the neck of States again and again, and *always* with perfect safety. Is there no way by which the eyes of the President can be opened to perceive this truth, and his mind relieved from the idle fears that restrain him from adopting the only measure that can save the life of the nation?

THE *Times*, since our exposure of its unfairness in declining either to justify or retract its affirmation that "Wendell Phillips had been calling on some Cromwell to step in and put an end to Congress, as the great Puritan put an end to the Rump Parliament," has, after a fortnight's delay, virtually confessed that it had no warrant for making such a charge. Its allusion to Mr. Phillips, it says, was founded upon the following passage of that gentleman's speech at Boston, July 6.

"Doubtless if the Long Parliament had done its whole duty, Cromwell had never interfered. Possibly, if our government neglects its duty, some of our impatient successors, looking back on a lost Union, will lament that no Cromwell interfered. What wonder if a Union planned by fathers who dared not trust God that to do justice was safe, should be lost by sons crippled by the same infidelity?"

"It is quite possible," says *The Times*, gravely, "this passage *may* bear an interpretation different from that which occurred to us." And it condescendingly adds, "if Mr. Phillips attached no such meaning to his own expression, we can only frankly accept his gloss, and rejoice that we misunderstood him."

The assertion of *The Times* was, it will be remembered, that Mr. Phillips and *The Herald* had actually been calling on some Cromwell to "put an end" to Congress. Now every person of common intelligence knows that *The Herald's* desire to "put an end" to Congress was based on the constantly reiterated declaration that that body was legislating in substantial accordance with Mr. Phillips's radical ideas; but *The Times*, with a stupidity altogether original, in its eagerness to strike at Mr. Phillips, charges him with uniting his voice with that of *The Herald* in a call for the dispersion of the branch of the government which approached so near to his own views as to earn for itself the bitter hostility of the whole so-called Conservative press!

We shall not undervalue the intelligence of our readers by gravely attempting to show that Mr. Phillips, in intimating that in some future generation some impatient persons may "possibly" lament that there was no Cromwell in our day, did not render himself justly liable to the charge brought against him by *The Times*. The case is too plain for argument.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

IT is very widely if not generally believed, that the President, in refusing to strike directly at the cause of the rebellion, and in pursuing what has been called "a conservative policy" toward the rebels, has followed the congenial advice of his Secretary of State, whose hope and expectation it has been that such a policy would lead to a speedy restoration of the Union, if not through new compromises on the part of the North, at least by renewed pledges to maintain all the safeguards of slavery embodied in the Constitution. His predictions, from time to time, that the war would speedily come to an end, and his declaration that it would not change the *status* of any class of persons in the United States—that, in other words, it would not abolish slavery—are within the memory of all, and stand as proofs of the delusion that has fallen upon him, as well as upon other responsible advisers of the President, leading to blunders almost fatal in the conduct of the war. It is our firm conviction, in short, that the man above all others responsible for keeping the President in the toils of the Border State men and leading him to pursue a course which has filled the minds of the friends of freedom with the deepest pain and anxiety, is William H. Seward. Nor, in view of all the circumstances, can we help suspecting that in all this the Secretary of State has subordinated the welfare of the country to his own private resentment and ambition. Having failed, through the influence of certain members of the Republican party, to get the nomination for President in 1860, his object has been so to shape the policy of the Administration as to punish the authors of his defeat and put himself at the head of a new political combination of a more conservative character. That in the interval between the election and the inauguration of Lincoln he was intriguing with those who sought to procure a treacherous peace through new compromises with the Slave Power, we see no room to doubt; and we believe that, as a member of the Cabinet, his influence has been steadily employed in behalf of what is called the conservative policy—the policy, in other words, of protecting the property of rebels and maintaining intact the pro-slavery compromises of the Constitution.

Before the Presidential election of 1860, Bennett's *Herald* was the vindictive opponent of Mr. Seward. For years his name figured in its columns, along with those of Garrison, Sumner, Phillips and Giddings, as an Abolitionist; and the speech in which he spoke of the "irrepressible conflict" between Freedom and Slavery was invariably described in that paper as "the Base, Brutal and Bloody Manifesto of Wm. H. Seward." Now, however, *The Herald*, is Mr. Seward's chief eulogist, and it is currently reported that he and Thurlow Weed are the joint directors of its political policy! That policy contemplates nothing less than the overthrow of the Republican party, and the formation of another on a compromise basis, with Mr. Seward as its dictator. The Radical Republicans, represented by *The Tribune*, are to be driven to the wall, and a Union party formed, embracing the conservative Republicans, Fillmore Americans, and pro-slavery Democrats. The arrangements for this were, it is said, all made, when the late reverses before Richmond entirely disconcerted the conspirators. The prospect of success in the attempt to put the Radicals under foot and set up anew the Dagon of Compromise in the Empire State is not so bright as it was before the star of McClellan was dimmed. But the political wire-pullers have not abandoned their project, and will make a desperate effort to pack and control the approaching State Convention at Syracuse.

We make these observations in partial elucidation of the articles on the first page under the heading, "The Secretary of State and the Administration," to which we would direct the particular attention of our readers. To the casual reader it may seem that Mr. Seward, through *The National Intelligencer*, contradicts *The Herald*; but shrewder persons will see that the latter really spoke under the inspiration and in the excuse, at this crisis, for talking to the public about himself, and throwing dust in the eyes of his opponents.

ANTI-NEGRO RIOT IN BROOKLYN.—On Monday last, there was a most diabolical riot in Brooklyn, in which a mob of four or five hundred men, calling themselves Irishmen, assaulted a tobacco factory where twenty peaceable colored persons, mostly women and children, were at work, attempted to butcher them in cold blood, and subsequently actually set fire to the building with the intent of burning the helpless negroes to death. It was only by the most superhuman exertions of the police that the lives of the victims were saved, the mob dispersed, and the ringleaders arrested. There was no provocation for the riot, save the wicked prejudice against the blacks which prevails among the lowest of the Irish population, who had been for a long time, as they expressed it, "down on the d—d niggers," and had avowed their determination to put them out of the way. By the time they reached the factory they had brought themselves up to a desperate pitch by large potations of bad whiskey, which was dispensed to them by numerous unlicensed rumsellers in the vicinity. This violence is the result of the influence of certain papers of this city and Brooklyn, which are notorious for their constant attempts to excite hostility to the negro among ignorant and debased white people.

SOUND ADVICE.—Theodore S. Fay, former U. S. Minister to Switzerland, having come home, had an interview with the President on Tuesday. Says a correspondent of *The Tribune*: "Mr. Fay represented our cause as suffering severely in Europe on account of the poorly defined policy of the government, but the moment we were willing to fight the issue on the broad basis of human liberty the legions of Central Europe would give their sympathy to the cause of the Union. The President seemed to be deeply interested when Mr. Fay told him that the longer the present struggle was prolonged for dominion and power, and not for universal liberty, the weaker in the hearts of the free Swiss would be the sympathy for the Union."

A NEW NAME.—Dr. Stuart Robinson, editor of *The True Presbyterian*—a rebel paper—hits the editor of the New York *Observer* very fairly in calling him "Gordon Bennett Prime," for the war policy inculcated by *The Observer* is identical with that of Bennett's *Herald*. The two papers are one in their hatred of the Abolitionists, their sympathy with slaveholders, and their zeal in behalf of "the Constitution as it is and the Union as it was." Neither of them would consider the Union or the Constitution worth a straw if they did not provide for the maintenance of slavery and require the North to return fugitive slaves. The only difference between them is, that *The Observer* seeks to disguise its wickedness by professions of piety, while *The Herald* scorns to wear such a cloak.

THE NORRISTOWN (PA.) REPUBLICAN.—Moses Auge, Esq., who has conducted this paper with singular ability for five years, and made it eminent among its cotemporaries for the purity of its moral tone and the fearlessness of its devotion to freedom, has retired from the editorship, giving place to Wilmer Atkinson and Howard M. Jenkins, of whose qualifications to make a good paper he gives strong assurance.

SAD BEREAVEMENT.—We are pained to hear that RICHARD D. WEBB, our highly esteemed Dublin correspondent, has been bereaved of his wife. She died on the 16th of July, of rheumatic fever, in the 53d year of her age. She was a woman of rare excellence, full of unselfish devotion to her family, and of tenderest sympathy for the suffering and the oppressed everywhere. Mr. Webb and his children will have the warm sympathy of their friends in this country in this time of their bereavement.

NOTICE.—Members of the American, Pennsylvania, Western, or Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Societies, contributing annually to the funds of either of these Societies, can receive a copy of the last very valuable Report of the American Society, entitled, *The Anti-Slavery History of the John Brown Year*, by sending a request to that effect to SAMUEL MAY, JR., 221 Washington street, Boston, and enclosing stamps sufficient to prepay the postage, viz., *fourteen cents*.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 4, 1862.

THAT the Administration is sadly behind the people of the free States in the prosecution of the war—in energy, courage, and appreciation of the difficulties in the way of success—is an admitted fact. A good many shrewd persons have been engaged for a number of weeks in trying to ascertain *who* it is in the Administration that is responsible for the apparent imbecility, irresolution, backwardness, and obstinate determination (apparent, perhaps not real) not to hurt the rebels, or at least not to hurt slavery. Some of these persons are inclined to think that we trace all our present troubles to Mr. Lincoln. They assert that, in spite of all his fair talk to the anti-slavery people, he has had his own way in the management of the war, and they point to the fact, which no one can controvert, that wherever a General has issued an order *against* slavery, he has not hesitated to revoke it, but that all the pro-slavery orders have remained untouched and uncondemned by him. He had no hesitation in compelling Fremont to take back his emancipation proclamation. He did not hesitate to revoke Hunter's most righteous order. But Halleck's Order No. 3 he did not touch. Buell's infamous conduct in Northern Alabama he will not talk about. McClellan's guardianship of rebel houses and property he winked at. A friend, who has examined into this thing closely, tells me he is convinced that thus far the war has been managed, so far as slavery and rebel property are concerned, precisely as the President desired it to be, and that he has all the time had a perfect understanding with his Generals, Halleck and McClellan. This may be an unjust, though I know it to be an honest judgment.

There is another theory, which is, that Mr. Seward is the manager of the Administration and the war, so far as the general principles of conduct are concerned. I am inclined to think this idea is the correct one, or at least that Mr. Seward has a powerful influence on the mind of President Lincoln. The position of the Secretary of State, though he is very careful not to commit himself in writing or in open acts that will appear on the page of history, cannot be mistaken. He has too many times, within six months, expressed the opinion, "the less fighting the better," and "we shall not need another battle to end the rebellion," and again, "in ninety days we shall have peace and Union." Such talk, continued for months, proves that Mr. Seward has never yet had any adequate idea of the strength of the rebellion or the cause of it. That he has repeatedly uttered sentiments like those quoted above no one who has heard him talk will deny. He has unquestionably underrated the power of the South, or the proportions of the rebellion, and has had an idea constantly in his mind of final compromise. I think there can be no doubt of this. He has *not* believed in destroying slavery, and in subjugating the South. He has favored conciliation. Perhaps he does so now. There is no evidence that he has abandoned his principles of last winter. It is alleged on very high authority that Mr. Seward was opposed to the Confiscation and Emancipation bill, and that he urged the President not to sign it. This is probably the "situation." Mr. Seward is the man in the Cabinet who has the strongest influence upon Mr. Lincoln, and it is principally because the two men think alike. This influence has been exercised hitherto against what are called in the court circles, "the wild schemes of the Radicals and the Abolitionists." The President has yielded, and still yields partially, to this influence, and for these reasons he has failed to come up to his duty in issuing the proper proclamation under the late enactment of Congress providing for confiscation and emancipation.

But Mr. Seward, as well as the President, has been deeply shocked by the recent events, the great reverses before Richmond, and the troubles in the West. The President and his Secretary see clearly enough now that a terrible work is before them if they mean to restore the Union—to put down the rebellion. Mr. Seward is quaking, Mr. Lincoln is terribly anxious, even Thurlow Weed begins to talk about using the black man. There is hope, strong hope, that before it is too late the government will do its *whole* duty. There is great improvement, and within a week. There are not suppressed [illegible] of vigor, and Pope's and Stanton's orders are interfered with.

Gen. Halleck begins to talk well. He has issued a direct order to Gen. McClellan compelling him to make use of the negro. He condescends to explain Order No. 3. He is evidently ashamed of it. The government as yet has no idea of using the black man *as a soldier*, but it will use as many as can be obtained in camp work. This he says openly. No one can criticise Halleck very severely so long as his master, the President, issues no order whatever respecting the payment of blacks employed by our Generals and the reward of freedom promised to them in the law enacted on the subject just before the adjournment of Congress. Gen. Halleck was asked what he would do in this respect, and he replied that *he would pay the free blacks wages*. How about the slaves? He did not know! Yet the law is explicit. The slaves employed are to be free, whether their masters be loyal or disloyal. The President was honestly bound to state these facts to his Generals and the blacks. It is a species of dishonesty not to do it, and I believe he will yet do it, though it may be, like some other of his actions, too late to do any good.

The latest advices from the James River are not encouraging. They look as if the rebels were about to open up their operations against McClellan's army, and whenever they do that in earnest, his position is most critical. Those who know the facts best are the most anxious for the result. It is believed that Gen. McClellan will have to withdraw his army, but *how* can he do it? It is a most difficult thing to extricate an army from such a position, and if his army is lost, all is lost. It will then be too late to save the country. If the President were to make use of all the means within his reach, he could still save the Potomac army. There is yet time to create a diversion in the Cotton States by issuing a proclamation of freedom to the slaves of rebels. It will be *too late* when the fine army under Gen. McClellan is lost, if such an event occurs. Every-one is hoping much from Gen. Pope, and that he will give the rebels enough to do this side of Richmond, so that McClellan can get an opportunity to escape, or to attack. The last-mentioned thing will *never* occur under him. He never *attacks*, but *blunders* and *retreats*. He has never done anything else, but the President clings to him with wonderful tenacity and affection. The people can hardly understand the terrible danger of the military situation of the government. The war has not merely been shockingly mismanaged, but everything has been so mismanaged that ruin stares the government in the face. The people need to turn out in overwhelming masses if they would save their country from disunion, and their own cities and villages from invasion. The fact that blunders have been committed makes no difference now. The government must be supported, and enough soldiers should be furnished it to carry on the war, and then the country, while furnishing all the troops asked for, should make its demands upon the government in thunder-tones to make use of the means within its reach—to use black men as soldiers—and to fill rebeldom with consternation by a proclamation of emancipation. It is very certain that the people of the North will not agree much longer to carry on this war as it has been carried on. Mr. Seward may be willing to lose his own life to save human slavery from destruction, but the Northern people are not, and they will not much longer endure his policy.

It is quite possible that this great contest with the slaveholding rebels will find an earlier solution than is generally expected. The rebel leaders, it is known, are trying very hard to capture Gen. McClellan's army. If they succeed, the game is up. The country can endure many things, but it could not endure the loss of 80,000 men, and they the Army of the Potomac. The rebel chiefs know this as well as we do, and they are playing a deep game to force the surrender of McClellan's entire army. On the other hand, that army may possibly succeed in inflicting a crushing blow upon a part of the rebel besieging force in detail. The river divides the rebel force and gives to McClellan some opportunities to strike a sudden blow upon detached divisions of the rebel army. But the rebels know him too well—he will *not* do anything brilliant, and they can calculate upon it. All that he will do is to continue to secure the affection of the soldiers, and to hoodwink some Northern people a little longer. It is possible that Halleck will compel McClellan to make a dash upon the enemy, but will not do it of his own motion.

There is a lull in military affairs for the moment, but in the West as well as in the East, in Kentucky as well as in Virginia, there will soon come the rumors of war, of battles, and of panics like those which have swept over Washington occasionally since the war broke out. There is to be terrible work in Kentucky. Mr. Lincoln is to get sick of Border State men and policies before the war ends. Already his old friend Wickliffe has turned a semi-rebel. The President says he is astounded. Nobody else is. All but the stupids knew last winter that Wickliffe was a rebel in disguise. So with other men who had Mr. Lincoln's ear. Their treacheries are making his soul sick, but they will do him good. Being an honest man, the President will thrive on these disappointments and afflictions, for they will lead him to the truth.

AVON.

CELEBRATION OF THE FIRST OF AUGUST.

THE anniversary of the day which gave freedom to eight hundred thousand slaves in the British West Indies was celebrated at Abington, Massachusetts, by a large gathering of those who are laboring and hoping, with earnestness and faith, for the coming of a like jubilee day in this land, when four million of chattels shall be delivered out of the house of bondage, and transformed from marketable commodities into "the Lord's freemen." Notwithstanding the inauspicious aspect of the morning, a goodly number left this city at the appointed hour, who were met, at Abington, by large delegations from Plymouth and other places on the line of the railroad, while from the more immediate neighborhood came troops of holiday-dressed people, in carriages and on foot. A peculiarly gratifying feature of the occasion was the large number of our colored friends present, men, women and children, to whom this day especially commends itself as one to be held in grateful remembrance and joyfully commemorated. In consequence of the threatening aspect of the weather, it was deemed advisable to meet in the Town Hall rather than the Grove, for the morning session, at least, and accordingly the people were invited there, and soon packed the hall to overflowing.

At 10½ o'clock, the meeting was called to order by SAMUEL MAY, JR., who read, in behalf of the Committee of Arrangements, a list of officers, which was unanimously accepted by the meeting, as follows:

For President—WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

For Vice-Presidents—ELBRIDGE SPRAGUE, ELMER HEWITT, JOSHUA PERRY, ELIAS RICHARDS, WILLIAM G. BABCOCK, EDWARD G. BENNETT, RUFUS BATES, JOSIAH HAYWARD, BENJAMIN F. HUTCHINSON, ROBERT ADAMS, ATKINSON STANWOOD.

For Secretaries—SAMUEL MAY, JR., J. M. W. YERRINTON.

For Finance Committee—J. G. DODGE, SAMUEL DYER, MARY WILLEY, ANNE CANNAN, WILLIAM C. NELL.

MR. GARRISON, on taking the chair, said—The day on which we are assembled is an occasion in which the Abolitionists have a right to rejoice and be glad. It vindicates their principles, their doctrines and their measures, as all eminently wise and just. We always asserted, before emancipation took place, that it would result in good, and nothing but good, to those who had been the oppressors and to those who had been the oppressed; that there would be no tumults, no disorders, no shedding of blood, no desolation, but every thing peaceful, happy, joyous and prosperous; and after an experience of twenty-eight years, we find the truth of all our assertions demonstrated in regard to the safety and the righteousness of emancipation.

We are not here, of course, to eulogize the English government, as such, for having emancipated the slaves in the colonies, because that government was simply moved upon by the irresistible moral and religious sentiment of the United Kingdom. We are here to do homage to the noble men and women who for so many years in England gave themselves with untiring devotion to the cause of the enslaved in the West India islands. We are here to rejoice in the results of the experiment, and have no cause to be otherwise than thankful and triumphant in spirit. During that long struggle, so far as our country was concerned, never a cheering word went over to those who were endeavoring to get slavery abolished in those islands, and when the Emancipation Act was passed by the British Parliament, there was no rejoicing on the part of the people of the United States, in view of that grand and glorious event—none whatever. So far [illegible] predictions as to the terrible consequences that would assuredly follow as the natural result of such an act. And why should it not have been so? A slaveholding, slave-breeding, slave-driving, slave-trading nation, as ours has been and continues to be, how could it or can it sympathize in an event like that which we are here as Abolitionists to celebrate?

Mr. Garrison then said that they were favored with the presence of quite a large number of speakers, and suggested that each one should study to be as brief as possible in the remarks that he should make, in order that the audience might have an opportunity to hear from them all.

The jubilee hymn, commencing

> "Come, friends of freedom all,
> Glad voices let us raise,"

was then sung, to the good old tune of "Lenox," after which, Rev. J. SELLA MARTIN, of Boston, delivered an address. After the singing of another appropriate hymn, Rev. MONCURE D. CONWAY, of Cincinnati, was introduced, and spoke as follows:

Speech of Rev. M. D. Conway.

MR. CHAIRMAN: We have heard it said, until the saying has become trite, that we are now in the midst of the ordeal of Republican government. You will observe the difference that is now being manifested between sham Democracy—or that which calls itself Democracy, and it possibly is worthy of that name—and real Republicanism. Mr. Lincoln is now carrying to its uttermost extent the idea of a simple dictation of the people as to the methods of government. He proceeds upon the idea that the people are to do what they have appointed him to do. He starts with the idea, and acts upon it, that he is there simply as the tool of the people—a tool which the masses are to move: and that the various men throughout the country who make shoes and sell them, who weave, who spin, who farm, actually must be the judges of all the methods of government and of all political action whatever. According to that idea of Democracy, the President is simply eking out the matter until we shall have a Yankee who is smart enough to invent an automaton President, that shall sit there at Washington, and whenever the people can all go to their telegraphs, and touch that President machine, at the White House, it will, according as one party or the other touch the most telegraphic wires, veto or approve a particular measure. He is simply staying there and receiving $25,000 a year until he can get a machine that will sign measures; absolutely worse than worthless, because, while the people are being educated, they must be behind their experience; they must come up just in time to be too late. For instance, as the people come forward, their sentiment and feeling must be always represented; that is what is meant by a representative government. A great writer has written a book, upon "Representative Men." Look at them! Was any one of them a mere follower of majorities? Was any one of them the mere tool of majorities? Was Plato, was Montaigne? No; every one of them was a stemmer of the popular current. Every representative man is an interpreter of the feeling and sentiment of the people; but he does not wait to have the people dictate to him every man he shall appoint a General, and every bill he shall sign. A great representative of the people is an interpreter of the moral sense of the people, who gives them not what they pray for, but what they actually need, and which they find out that they need after he has given it to them. So Plato and Swedenborg are representative men, not because they represent the donkeyism of the people, but their real, deep heart, and their sentiment, which is always setting right. You will observe, therefore, that when the people get a clear method before their eyes and say, "If you will dig ditches and spade in the swamps, you shall have this done by the natural laborers of that country," it is just too late. They come to it by experience—because it is so plain that no wayfaring man can mistake it. They come to it because they have been scourged to a clear sight of it. They come to it because the men whom they placed in front to do the work have failed to see it, and they have been forced to turn from their employments of the field and the shop to do what they are paying men large sums to do for them. That is the reason why the people are called upon to do what they have paid the government to think out and do for them while they attend to the trade and business of the country. Observe, when they come to that, IT IS TOO LATE. The President proclaims that the negroes shall be employed to do the labor of the camp. If he had done that himself, before he was forced to it by the sense of the people, as he ought to have done, as an honest President, it would have saved us 65,000 men who have perished in the swamps of the Chickahominy and in the trenches before Corinth. If he had sent forth that *now* miserable, pusillanimous proclamation only three months ago, it would have saved us 65,000 stalwart men who lie buried, struck down by disease, because those natural laborers were not employed. And it will be so throughout the war. The proclamation of emancipation will come, but it will come just like this—too late to be of any practical benefit, so far as the country is concerned. After awhile, the people will force the President to emancipate, just as they forced him to employ negro laborers in the army; but it is not the true idea of our government that the President shall be an automaton, waiting for months until the people, scourged by suffering, shall force him to do what he ought to have done long before.

Well, down in Washington, where I have been spending two weeks, trying to cut some red tape, I got an idea, and it is important to announce, because that is a thing which is rarely grown in that region of country (laughter). The ancients had a fable, that the world rested on an elephant, and the elephant on a tortoise. Now, the ancients had a vision of this country when they said that. The elephant is our army, and the only disagreeable fact about it is that the army rests on Abraham Lincoln; and if he is not a tortoise, there never was one made by God Almighty! It is impossible for Abraham Lincoln to move faster than a tortoise; he has tried it, and it is "no go" (laughter and applause). He has got a heavy shell upon his back. He got it at his birth, for that is the kind of animal that grows in Kentucky. Creation stopped in that State when it got to the tortoise. There it sticks; it is the nature of the man; and it is of no use to try to make a rapid military genius out of the President; and if any man expects to make a leader of him, who will free the country in the only way in which it can be freed, I give him fair warning that it is impossible—I bid him despair. "All hope abandon ye who enter here." See the men he has called around him! McClellan has gone down to the Peninsula, and what has he done? Look at his position! He stands on the banks of the James River, on a small neck of land, between a swamp and the river. I have been there and know. At that point, the river is deep enough to admit a narrow line of gunboats. About ten miles below, it deepens and widens; but for ten miles, the river is so situated that it would be impossible for McClellan to make a safe retreat. There he is, and there he has got to stand and meet his doom. He cannot retreat, for if he were to attempt to send off the army in detachments, those who were left, while some went away in ships, would be instantly captured by the rebels. Neither can the army be halved, and one-half sent away, for the remaining half would be in immediate danger. Moreover, if he could get transports for the whole army, he could not carry them down the river those ten miles, for the rebels would sink every ship, as they have got all their light artillery on the river bank. He is absolutely isolated. He has chosen that bad plan, that foolish plan, to enter Richmond, he has got there, and there be must stay. He is not strong enough to reach Richmond in that way. What is the hope? Of course we are hoping that Pope may make such an attack upon the other side of Richmond that McClellan may have a better chance on his side; but the rebels have made their entrenchments so perfect on that side, that even if he had more men than they, he could not advance upon Richmond from that point? Why is that? Because, as Senator Chandler said, he went and sat down in a big swamp, and began ditching. The President finds a third of his army gone. He looks about for help. Where will he find it? He takes the man who has sat down before Corinth, half his army sick with dysentery, who refused to allow a single negro within his lines to work on those trenches, who sat there until the enemy's army left, satisfied he was not going to make an attack, in order to assist their fellow-rebels in another place. Sixty-three thousand men were lost from that army, by sickness and the battle of Shiloh. The President calls that man to Washington, to crown the work of McClellan, sitting in the swamp of the Chickahominy. Now, why has the President done this? Because he is sailing in the same boat with McClellan and Halleck. He is just as slow as they are. His policy is ditching and spading—digging us into freedom. He goes on politically precisely as Halleck and McClellan do strategetically, and like them, has got only to a political Chickahominy swamp.

You know that Halleck and McClellan act in this war precisely as if *they* had been stealing forts from the South, and the South was trying to get them back; as if they were trenching and digging everywhere, and saying, "You shall not have your forts back." I saw this man Halleck the other day at Harrisburg, and it is enough to look in his face to know what sort of a man he is. He has the look of a Gradgrind about him. His nose—which is always a characteristic feature, and the guage of vigor in a human being—is what the French call "the suicide nose"; that is, it is joined to a temperament morose and desperate, and that does not place much of an estimate on himself or anybody else. He reminds me of what Montaigne thought, that there were not six men alive who ought not to have been hanged six times, and he did not care to except himself from the number (laughter). A nose with an excessively acute angle! Napoleon selected his Marshals with reference to their noses—several of his most distinguished ones, at least. That was his habit. He sat in a room, and had all the men who were mentioned for promotion pass through the room. They came in at one door, and went out at the other. When they came in, they bowed, and he pointed to the door, saying not a word—men whom he had never seen before, or had never examined, with reference to their qualifications. But when a particular man came in, he would say: "There is my man; put him down; he has got the right nose" (laughter). Now, Gen. Halleck has got just the kind of nose that makes a hard, selfish, morose, melancholy man. He has got a narrow brain, and a hard, selfish eye. He is the impersonation of Order No. 3—that is the most I can say for him.

Then there is Mr. Stanton. I had some conversation with him the other day, and I found that he was a man nervous, quick, and very talkative, but not a man of power, and a man of no vision whatever. The most important thing that was impressed upon my mind, from conversation both with Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Stanton was this: they do not see anything at all in the slavery question but a troublesome thing. You remember that when the Progressive Friends called on the President, he said that officeholding was the most troublesome thing he had to deal with, and next to that was slavery. He and Stanton do not seem to look at it in the light of a great military advantage—in the light of a great weapon, the brightest in all their armory, with which they can, at any moment, strike down the rebellion; they look at it simply as a dreadful vexation. That is fatal. Mr. Stanton is disposed to treat the contrabands of the South well, but it never occurs to him that he has any military advantage in connection with them. His idea is simply to have them properly educated, and finally make them owners of the land; and perhaps, away off in the future, arm them. He does not see, the President does not, that, in these circumstances, he can wield slavery with tremendous effect, and the man who has not the sense to see that, what can he do in this country in the present emergency?

Now, all we can get during the reign of Lincoln is some education of the people. That is all we can get until our time of revolution comes. You have no idea how fast, in the West, this education is going on. A negro man, on a Western car, lay, in the middle of the night, coiled up on a seat in the cars, fast asleep. A nicely dressed white man came in, and looked round, trying to find a seat. He went to this negro, and shoved him, and said, "Wake up, here!" "What's the matter?" "I want a seat." "I am a nigger; you don't want to sit by me, do you?" "I don't care whether you are a nigger or not; I want a seat." That is a sign. When a man is willing to sit down with a negro rather than stand up all night in a railroad car, it indicates a great change (laughter). By and by I expect to see the United States willing to live with the negro, and have him ditch and spade for them, rather than die. You have no idea how much is to be done in Washington, Baltimore, and in all the Border States. The other day, William Henry Channing, the faithful minister at Washington, was walking in the street, and he saw a man with brass buttons on his coat—and I suppose he was a soldier—who was about to knock a negro down with a paving-stone. "What are you going to do?" says Channing, seizing him by the arm. "That nigger struck a white man; I am not going to stand by and see a white man struck by a d—d nigger." "Didn't the white man strike him first?" "Yes, he did; but isn't he a nigger?" Channing said—"This is a land of equal rights." The man looked at him utterly paralyzed. The stone fell from his hand, and with a gasp for breath he walked away (laughter and applause). Now, two thirds of the people of the United States are just in that state of mind; and as soon as we seize them by the arm, rather roughly, and tell them, "Equal rights with this d—d nigger?" I am sure we shall paralyze them with astonishment, at least.

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* The call for a draft has come to hand since this article was in type.

Washington, as I came out of it, seemed to me a mad and doomed city; and I felt as though I could take off my shoes, and shake from them every particle of dust that belonged to it. It seemed to me to be the representative, the symbol, of a state of things that must pass away, and is passing away. It seemed to me to be the representative of a past stratum of this country, a sign, like some old Saurian, of an era that can never return; and I felt, that with the epoch which it represents, Washington city must pass away; pass into the fossil condition; be embedded with the past, so that upon its ruins we can lay the corner-stone of a free republic (applause). It seemed to me that its doom was written all over it and all around it. In Maryland, which borders Washington city, the spirit of the people, even of Unionists, is so determinedly pro-slavery, they do so hug to their hearts the viper that is stinging them to death, they are so resolved that harm shall not come to the dragon that devours them, that I fear they will have to pass along to their graves together. I was trying to get some negroes through Baltimore. It took me about two weeks to get those thirty one negroes into Ohio, where I wished to take them. There they were in the District—contrabands. If I had left them there, each of them would have had to receive an army ration from the government; each of them would have been in the hands of the government; so much money gone; and yet, so powerful was red tape, that nobody seemed to know who could give any permission to those contrabands to go North, or to go out of the District. Mr. Stanton scratched his head over it, and turned and twisted over it, and almost stood on his head over it (laughter), and he wanted to give some money to help get them off; but I would not take any money. I did not want his money; I wanted his authority. Well, he could not give it. And Mr. Lincoln, he unwound himself to a very great length (laughter), and then wound himself up again over it; he appreciated the state of the case a great deal, but did not seem to see what he could do about it. So we went from one to another. Finally, we had a consultation in Mr. Sumner's room, to try and devise some plan by which these contrabands could be got away, and everybody failed—even Mr. Sumner could not see the way clear. There was one man there—I forget his name—who sat very profoundly cogitating how we could get these negroes out to Ohio. The difficulty was to get them across Baltimore from one railroad to another, and so North, for the Baltimore railroads will not allow any negro to go over their roads unless he gives bonds to a fabulous extent. As I said, there was one man at Mr. Sumner's room, who sat cogitating over this subject; he did not say anything at first, but scratched his head and looked very profound; and we all began to feel that that man, when he spoke, would have a profound idea. We looked for it, we expected it, and finally we got a little nervous, as people will who expect a sharp flash of lightning, and it does not come. At last, that man raised his head and said—"You want to take those negroes through Baltimore, through Maryland?" "Yes, that is what I desire." "There is but one way to do it. You buy fifty feet of rope, and tie every buggar's hands behind him, and all Baltimore will bow down to you. They will be sure you are a big slaveholder, taking your slaves through Baltimore into Harford County, to keep them from being freed in Washington." That man hit the nail on the head. I did not have the courage to carry out his suggestion, but I have no doubt it illustrated the real feeling of Baltimore; for I felt, when we did at last get through that city, that nothing on earth but the signature of a Major-General, backed by the bayonets of Northern soldiers, kept the mob spirit from overwhelming us. We went through that city for a mile and a half, and stopped at the depot for three hours, and nothing but that little bit of paper protected us from the muttering crowd around.

After all, I could not help feeling that there was some advantage in having things as they are, because the time was when I could not have got that name on a little bit of paper, when I could not have got those people through Baltimore at all. The time had come when at least thirty-one human beings could be carried straight through the heart of a slave State into liberty (applause); and although that did not reflect much glory on the government, or afford much prospect of its success, it did show, that despite the clouds with which weak men would blind us this is the Golden Hour for the land.

Now, my friends, I think you Northern people are cursed with loyalty—loyalty, I mean, to forms and technicalities. We Southern people do not care so much about that. I never did myself. You Northern people will follow, follow, and follow. There is Mr. Sumner's letter about President Lincoln. I am very sorry he wrote it. It gives the people a false idea, a false hope, which will lead them into an abyss if they follow it. Mr. Lincoln will never save this country. We shall be happy if we can, from month to month, keep ourselves from going to wreck under this Administration for a year or two, and then we shall know what we shall do. If we can succeed, through boldness, through moral courage, through stalwart determination and standing by our principles, in keeping the ship together for a year or so, then either we shall elect a Democratic President, who will put the nation under the heel of Jeff Davis, or we shall have Fremont in the Presidential chair, and Gen. Hunter will be Secretary of War (loud applause). We must go one way or the other. We must elect one or the other. We are either to be saved or ruined. Perhaps, looking at the case of the nation now, we are disposed to limit the great work of God. Perhaps we think so much of the United States alone, that we would be glad to limit this revolution. There are indications, my friends, that this revolution is to be world-wide before it is ended. There are indications that all nations are to be sucked into this mælstrom, and that when we are free the world will be free too (applause). I can interpret in no other way the ineffable stupidity of our rulers. I can in no other way interpret the fact, that in this great emergency we have a tortoise for President, except that, through the dreary length of a long war, gradually France, England, Russia, all monarchies and absolutisms are to be drawn into this controversy that sweeps over the land, the elements will melt with fervent heat, and the whole world be baptized with a fiery baptism and be redeemed. Let them come on! I say to the tyrants of the Old World, "What thou doest, do quickly!" I hope that England and France will intervene. Let them! It will only bring us shoulder to shoulder. Even the Democrats will be in favor of abolishing slavery to hold the South, while we attend to Europe; because, much as they love slavery, the Democrats, especially the Irish, would rather whip England than do anything else on the face of the earth. If they intervene, it will save us, but it will be by a great and sweeping purification of this world; and we ought not to be so selfish, since God has given us stupid men to lead us in this war, as to say that it ought to be settled up quick. It would be agreeable to our feelings, it would be pleasant to see the death-blow of the rebellion struck at once, for when slavery is struck, the rebellion lies dead; but we ought to remember that there are other hearts that groan throughout the world, besides the slaves, that there are other beings, all through Europe, all through the North and the South, who groan under monarchies and despotisms, and that these, too, must be redeemed; and the signs of the times are that this revolution is to be world-wide, and that Humanity is to rejoice in the fruits thereof (applause).

[Wendell Phillips was the next speaker, but the report of his remarks was received at so late an hour that we are reluctantly compelled to defer it till next week. The afternoon meeting was held in the grove, where addresses were delivered by "Father Foster," Rev. C. G. Ames of Bloomington, Ill., Rev. Samuel Green (lately released from the Maryland Penitentiary, where he was imprisoned five years for having in his possession a copy of Uncle Tom's Cabin), Henry C. Wright, Rev. G. W. Stacy, and William Wells Brown.]

Chronicles of the War.

New Call for 300,000 Soldiers.

War Department, Washington, D. C., Aug. 4, 1862.

Ordered, first: That a draft of 300,000 militia be immediately called into the service of the United States, to serve for nine months, unless sooner discharged. The Secretary of War will assign the quotas to the States and establish regulations for the draft.

Second: That if any State shall not by the 15th of August furnish its quota of the additional 300,000 volunteers authorized by law, the deficiency of volunteers in that State will also be made up by a special draft from the militia. The Secretary of War will establish regulations for this purpose.

Third: Regulations will be prepared by the War Department and presented to the President, with the object of securing the promotion of officers of the army and volunteers for meritorious and distinguished services, and of preventing the nomination and appointment in the military service of incompetent or unworthy officers. The regulations will also provide for ridding the service of such incompetent persons as now hold commissions.

By order of the President.

Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War.

The President Refuses an Offer of Colored Regiments.

Washington, Aug. 4.—Senators Harlan of Iowa, Pomeroy of Kansas, and other gentlemen, waited upon the President this morning to ascertain whether he would accept of two negro regiments from Indiana, offered by Judge Wright. They came away disheartened. The President owned frankly that he could not see his way clear upon the subject, and would not accept negroes *as soldiers.* He would take all who might come as laborers, but to arm the colored people of the country, free and slave, would drive from us fifty thousand Kentucky bayonets, now in our armies, over to the rebels. He was very decided in announcing his determination not to arm colored men. Congress left that matter to his discretion, and this was his conclusion upon the subject. He is fully agreed with the sentiment of the country in reference to the confiscation of rebel property and the general treatment of rebels—that a firmer course must be pursued—but he does not agree with the large portion of the people who demand that slaves shall be used as soldiers on the field of battle.—*Eve. Post.*

Rhode Island Enlisting Negroes.

The gallant Commander-in-Chief of the hundred and seventy-four thousand and odd loyal inhabitants of Rhode Island has answered with a word of thunder, under the mild phrase of a general order, which will live in history as the first step toward allowing the great Slaveholders' Rebellion to become what it has been so long struggling toward becoming—a gigantic suicide. These are its words:

State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations,
Adjutant-General's Office,
Providence, Aug. 4, 1862.

General Orders, No. 36.—The 6th Regiment, ordered by the Secretary of War under date of October 23, 1861, and orders issued therefor from this Department, No. 103, Dec. 28, 1861, will consist entirely of colored citizens. Enlistments will commence immediately. Camp will be established under direction of Gen. Robbins, who is directed to organize the regiment.

The Quartermaster-General will furnish rations and equipments on requisition.

Our colored fellow-citizens are reminded that the regiment from this State in the Revolution, consisting entirely of colored persons, was pronounced by Washington equal, if not superior, to any in the service. They constitute a part of the quota from this State, and it is expected they will respond with zeal and spirit to this call.

The Commander-in-Chief will lead them into the field, and will share with them, in common with the patriotic soldiers of the Army of the Republic, their trials and dangers, and will participate in the glories of their successes.

By order of the Commander-in-Chief.

Edward C. Mauran, Adjt.-Gen.

What will the Conservatives say of this action of their special pet, Gov. Sprague? Perhaps the timid, halting Governor of New York may gain courage from this example to accept the services of the thousands of blacks who stand ready to enlist. Gov. Andrew cannot fail, we are sure, to follow the example of Gov. Sprague.

Proposed Brigade of Blacks.

The Philadelphia *Bulletin* of Monday contains a letter from an officer now in the field to the Secretary of War, offering, if relieved from duty for the purpose, to enlist, under the act of Congress, in sixty days at farthest, a brigade of blacks. He asks that the brigade be kept separate from the white army; that it be sent down to Port Royal, or some other point on the Southern coast, "with permission to march direct to Vicksburg; from thence to Richmond; from thence to Charleston; and from thence to Mobile via Savannah and Montgomery—adding to its numbers in the march all able-bodied loyal men of color who may choose to join its standard; and to all who thus join the command the boon of freedom be offered and guaranteed from and after the moment of their enlistment. Starting with a single brigade (including, of course, a proper proportion of cavalry and artillery) I should expect to reach Vicksburg with not less than 25,000; Richmond with not less than 50,000; Charleston with 100,000, and Mobile with, probably, 150,000 able-bodied, well-disciplined troops, most of whom, in addition to their love of the Union, would have the incentive of freedom for their action." He proposes to call this brigade the "Corner-stone Brigade."

The Policy of Conciliation—Guarding Rebel Property.

Culpepper Court House, Va., July 26.—As a sample of the way things have been and are working yet, I will here mention a case. We are encamped on the extensive domain of a Rev. Mr. George, reputed a Hard-shell Baptist preacher. He is a man of advanced years, very affable in manners, and unquestionably deeply versed in all the intricate machinery of the rebellion, doubtless one of its master-spirits in this part of the State; he is an extensive slave-owner, and very wealthy. Report has it, among his human chattels, and they have the facilities of being advised in the premises, that he does not spare the rod and spoil the slaves, on the contrary "Larrups them like blazes" for the most trivial offenses. A day or two since he gave one of his colored women a severe drubbing for allowing some soldiers to come into the kitchen, though how she could have prevented it might have puzzled him to say. Well, this man has, or had until recently, a Sergeant and squad of men especially to guard his premises, while the park about his mansion is sacred from the tread of Union soldiers, made so, too, by Union bayonets! Brig.-Gen. Crawford has since made his headquarters upon those premises, and I presume the guard has been doubled. This is but a solitary case. The war has been prosecuted on this principle. Poor people alone, or at least those in moderate circumstances, are they upon whom depredations have mainly been committed—being too diffident to ask or deemed too insignificant to deserve the protection of our arms; and yet this class it is that would come back in good faith to their allegiance to the old flag could they but feel secure against the return of the rebels and the vengeance that would be meted out by them upon information, furnished, too, by rich and proud rebels who enjoyed protection in the rear of our lines. . . . . The only place where I noticed any sign of business was in a tobacco factory on the railroad, where were eight colored men and boys sorting, twisting and pressing tobacco rolls, with three scowling secessionists apparently overseeing and superintending the work. A Union soldier was at the door to guard the premises, while the tobacco was being prepared for, doubtless, the Southern army, or the flames. So we go.—*Tribune.*

Sperryville, Va., Aug. 1.—At the village of Little Washington it was my misfortune to be compelled to remain all night. I rode up to the first mansion I saw, and requested entertainment for myself and horse. To my surprise, a guard stepped out from behind the gate and told me that he was there to protect the place from intruders. I asked him if he had read the order of Gen. Pope. He said he didn't care a d—n for Gen. Pope; that he had been placed there by Gen. Banks, and should obey orders. Turning to the planter, I said that I was not a soldier, and that the order of Gen. Banks was not intended to include those who were not immediately connected with the army. The planter, in a very surly manner, told me that the guard was given him for protection from stragglers, and then turned upon his heel and left me. Turning to the guard, I asked him whose place it was. He said it belonged to a Mr. Lane, and that a few rooms in the house had been occupied by Gen. Banks several days ago, but that the planter had made objections and Gen. Banks had gone back to his tent, and that there was no one in the house now but the planter's family. I was told that this Mr. Lane was one of the wealthiest planters, and one of the most violent secessionists in the country—furthermore, that his word was law among all the poor white people, and that whatever he told them to do they were certain to perform if within their power. I trust some other and worthier motive than simply to protect this rebel's property led Gen. Banks to place a guard around his house. Upon examining the records at Little Washington, I found there was not a single vote cast against the Ordinance of Secession in this County. Three leading planters, by the name of Lane, Cett and Fletcher, were the most active in canvassing the County and urging men to go to the polls. They are still in their fine mansions, and do not seem to be at all annoyed by the presence of the National army.—*Tribune.*

Fredricksburg, Va., Aug. 1.—The orders respecting rebel persons and property are worth as much as a victory won on a hard-fought field to Gen. Pope, for the soldiers, to a man, will and do endorse the spirit of justice contained in them. I can assure you that it is not the softest work a man can do to guard rebel property six, seven or eight miles away from camp. The auxiety that each guard must naturally feel, that in some unguarded hour he might easily be made prisoner, if not worse, should his regiment leave without calling him in, as is often the case, there being no time or way to send word to him; add to this the daily insults to his country and his flag which he is forced to listen to without redress, raised a state of feeling highly prejudicial to the military discipline and orders that forced him to guard and protect a rebel and traitor. But this is now, I hope, among the things that were; and, pursuant to Gen. Pope's orders, with foraging parties, quartermasters and commissaries, with foraging parties, are pushing the war home to the deep-dyed traitors of this vicinity. I say deep-dyed because I mean it. They have been spoiled instead of bettered by our servile obsequiousness to their whims and comforts in contradistinction to our brusque and short treatment of such Union men as had escaped a Richmond prison for their opinion's sake. The more violent and abusive the rebel, the larger the guard, while Union men were refused all protection. This you may not believe, but could you have heard, as I did, a Union man who had been to lay his complaints before the Administration of this unjust and outrageous state of things, you would be a convert too.—*Tribune.*

Washington, Aug. 1.—A prominent officer of one of the Maine regiments has arrived here from the army of the Potomac, and this morning, in company with several gentlemen, went to the President's mansion to complain of the management of the war on the James River. He asserted that, in spite of the law of Congress on the subject of confiscation of rebel property, Gen. McClellan still protects it; that he still keeps his guards round it, in charge of rebel houses, and the like; and that upon his speaking against the practice in the presence of one of Gen. McClellan's staff, the staff officer replied: "It will never do to execute that law. We cannot do it!" Upon his urging that it was a law of the land, and that the General had no choice in the matter but *must* execute it, the officer replied: "We wait for our instructions upon the subject from the President or the War Department. As we have received none, we are not obliged to recognize any newspaper statement of a law, and such laws as those about emancipation and confiscation you may be sure we shall not execute till we are ordered to do so!"—*Cor. Evening Post.*

Washington, Aug. 3.—Capt. Steele of the Sturgis Rifles, McClellan's Body-Guard, arrived here this morning from Harrison's Landing. He states that rebel property is still protected by National troops, within the lines of the army of the Potomac. He instances the case of the house and estate of Col. Carter of the rebel army. This rebel Colonel was wounded in the battle of Fair Oaks, and is now at his house, which is protected by our troops. He has three sons in the rebel army. A flock of sheep, numbering over 600, is untouched, though the National troops could make a wholesome use of them. He is also proprietor of 100 negroes.—*Tribune.*

Washington, Aug. 4.—There is great dissatisfaction with the style in which Gen. McClellan carries out the recent enactments of Congress on the subject of confiscation and emancipation. There is incontrovertible evidence that he still protects rebel property. The charge is made here that he obstinately and defiantly violates the law of Congress on this subject, but that can hardly be. There is still inefficiency, obstinacy, or cheating somewhere. The President and Gen. Halleck talk right upon this subject, but in spite of this fact the law is violated, and these gentlemen must know it. Hints have been thrown out in governmental circles for a day or two that Mr. Lincoln is preparing a proclamation upon this whole subject, that will meet with the approbation of the loyal and earnest citizens of the country.

In spite of the announcements that rebel property hereafter is to be used, we learn to-day, from a prominent officer of Gen. McClellan's army, that the estate of Mr. Harrison, of Harrison's Landing, is protected, and that he, though a notorious rebel, has a pass, signed by Gen. McClellan himself, and that with it he goes and comes through our lines, going to Richmond, for all that our officers know. Under such management the country need not be surprised to hear very soon of disaster through treachery made easy by our own commanders. Ball's Bluff will be repeated on a large scale.—*Eve. Post.*

The Tribune prints the following extracts from letters addressed to Senator Sumner by officers serving under Brig.-Gen. Wood of Kentucky.

"Camp on Town Creek, Ala., June 25, 1862.

"The conduct of our General, Wood, is becoming intolerable in this division. No longer ago than last week he *with his own hands stript naked a negro,* who made his way into camp, *tied him to a tree and whipt him in the most severe and public manner.* Indeed his acts seemed to be the studied result of a mind bent on giving aid to the rebels and courting their favor. He is in the daily habit of employing soldiers to apprehend blacks, and detain them, and conveys information of his doings to the rebel owners. Our soldiers are becoming disgusted with this course and discouraged."

"Camp near Morrisville, Ala., July 4, 1862.

"I do not wish to find fault with our commanding officer, yet the thought will force itself upon us that many of these slave-catchers whom they admit within the lines act well the part of spies, and carry important information to the enemy. It is almost an hourly occurrence for us to see some person in citizen's dress roaming through our camp in pretended search for runaways, and they are sure to visit the whole camp.

"Allow me to relate one instance: Our division, Brig.-Gen. Wood, camped at Tuscumbia about the 12th of June, and on the 20th of the same month two companies of the 3d Ohio Cavalry were ordered on outpost duty at Russelville, 18 miles south of Tuscumbia. While there we learned that a Lieutenant of the rebel army, a son of a Mr. East (who lived four miles south of Russelville, on the Columbus road), was at home on furlough; also a son and son-in-law of a Mr. Robinson, who lived in the same neighborhood. We also learned that these young men were in the habit of meeting almost nightly, together with other prominent secessionists of the neighborhood, at the house of Mr. Robinson. Of course their meetings boded no good to us, and we resolved to break up the nest by making prisoners of the soldiers. Although we failed in this, yet we learned who were our real friends in that neighborhood.

"The old man East, and Robinson, and all in the neighborhood are the most bitter secessionists that I ever saw, and another that I should have mentioned was a Mr. More, another son-in-law of Mr. Robinson.

"There is an abundance of proof that these men are secessionists of deepest dye. And now, Sir, you can imagine our surprise when we were ordered to camp on Sunday, the 29th, to find these same men, East and More, in our camp searching for runaway slaves. East and More could come into our camp, get all the information they could, and young Robinson and East would carry it to the rebel camp. Again, yesterday, a man from the same neighborhood was looking through our whole camp on the same errand.

"Since writing the above, Lieut.-Col. Murray has brought into camp the news that the two companies of the 1st Ohio, who relieved us at Russelville, had been surrounded and nearly all made prisoners. I know not the particulars, but I have no doubt that the plan concocted at this same Robinson's, and by the same precious scamps, and of which a negro told us, was carried out. The waiter overheard what was going on while pouring out the tea at the supper table, and told another negro, who walked six miles after doing a hard day's work to let us know of our danger.

"The commander of the squadron who relieved us was told of this plot, but he seemed to pay but little attention to it as he considered the source of information untrustworthy. Dearly has he paid for his pro-slavery obstinacy."

"Decatur, Ala., July 7, 1862.

"The 6th Division of Gen. Buell's army has found its chief occupation in protecting the property of rebels and evading the last Article of War. Whipping negroes in the presence of our brave boys, who are as free men as the Generals who whip them, is no uncommon thing. I have an abiding faith in your entire faithfulness and truthfulness, and in your capacity, from your superior stand point, to "discern the sure promise of the future." But if I believed that the President knew and tolerated all the abuses of this Department, not the broadest charity, coupled with that faith, could convince me that there was anything noble in the conduct of the war which that future would reveal.

"In the face of such conclusive testimony as yours, I will believe that Mr. Lincoln is ignorant of many of its abominations. The disheartening effects which the course of Brig.-Gen. Wood is having upon the brave men under his command are deplorable, and ought to be speedily and surely appreciated and the cause removed. Two men offered to swear that a man who came into our lines was a Captain in the Confederate army on duty; but when Gen. Wood ascertained that the witnesses were "guilty of a skin not colored like his own" (the difference was very slight), he discharged the accused, and abused the officer who interested himself in the arrest, for doing it upon the statement of men whose testimony was not *evidence.*

"The fidelity with which the property of rebels is guarded by our men is most remarkable and to me is cruel. I have two brothers in the army before Richmond, and while I am here guarding the property of traitors in their absence, they are in Richmond shooting down my brothers. If that is not what Gov. Andrew would denominate a tax upon my loyalty, then I know not how to tax it."

Services of Negroes in the War.

A letter from Warrenton to *The Tribune* says: "The whites are all traitors, the blacks all loyal. Yet hitherto the effort has been to coax the former into decent behavior by sacrificing the rights and the hopes of the latter, and rejecting their assistance. The complaint of the white people is common, here as elsewhere, that their servants have gone off—those stupid negroes who cannot understand that slavery is their only hope of happiness in this world and salvation the next."

St. Simon's Bay, Ga., July 19.—The vessels on blockading duty in this locality have as much as they can attend to running up and down the rivers that flow into St. Simon's Sound, keeping the rebels at bay on the mainland, and occasionally bringing down a cargo of contrabands from villages on the Altama River, Darien and Dohoy. The colony on St. Simon's Island is progressing rapidly. An average of twenty runaway negroes enter their names and to whom they belonged on this vessel's (U. S. Steamer Florida) books daily. They declare their Union sentiments to our generous commander, who speedily takes them under his protection, and puts them in charge of two of their own color—respectively Mr. King and Mr. Hope. It is impossible for me to give you an accurate account of the population of St. Simon's; but it is estimated at eight or nine hundred contrabands.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Camp opposite Fredericksburg, Va., July 28.—The two raids of the Harris Light Cavalry were really very creditable, bold and important.... One man—the guide in the two exploits of our cavalry—deserves brief mention. He is certainly a marked man—loyal, true and brave to a fault. Virginia may well be proud of him, and the rebels of this vicinity have testified their appreciation by subscribing and offering a reward for his head of fifteen hundred dollars. His skin is somewhat darker than ours; but the front rank of our brave soldiers has willingly given him place, and his services as scout and guide have been invaluable. He was a slave two months ago, and now, at seventy-five cents a day, he is worth to the government a dozen of the best of us. I notice on his buttons the "*Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem*" of Massachusetts. The old Bay State need not be ashamed to have her proud motto borne by Dabney, the dreaded scout of the Rappahannock.

Of course these Virginians with black skins are with us heart and soul. We are mustering them into service as teamsters, laborers, cooks, etc. They have proved themselves wonderfully faithful, able and willing to work, and full of enthusiasm at the prospect of freedom. From personal experience and observation I have been most favorably impressed with their capacity and willingness to do most of the drudgery which has reduced so much the fighting force of our army. Officers of experience tell me that they will fight well also. This is a question we shall solve perhaps ere long. As scouts, guides, etc., they are invaluable, and we have found their reports reliable and important.—*Cor. Eve. Post.*

Hilton Head, S. C., July 26.—The negro regiment is not at all popular here. The colored men—as well behaved fellows as could be wished—were jeered at, insulted, and sometimes struck in their way to their daily labor at the wharf, until Gen. Hunter directed that no details from the 1st South Carolina Volunteers should be made for that purpose, but that gangs of men from the regiments who had abused them should take their place. *Now* there's a howl raised about "a nigger being of more account than a white man." Gen. Hunter is a perfect trump.—*Tribune.*

Helena, Ark., July 31.—There are nearly 3 000 confiscated slaves here. The cotton of their rebel runaway masters is being sold for their benefit.—*Tribune.*

The Right Step.—The Nashville *Union* says: "We learn on good authority that Gen. Nelson has ordered 500 negroes, belonging to rebel masters, to be sent to him, for the purpose of putting them to work for the benefit of the army. We are not informed as to the work they will be required to do, but suppose they will be made to aid in rebuilding the bridges destroyed by the rebels and to construct fortifications. It might be a good plan to fortify Murfreesboro. Gen. Nelson has done exactly right in this case, and we hope his example will be extensively followed by our officers. Why don't our authorities here find work for a few hundred? They might be usefully employed for ourselves, while at the same time they were kept from aiding the Confederate Government. We hope the matter will be attended to promptly. Gen. Nelson has given strict orders, we learn, that no loyal man's slaves shall be taken, and the same rule would, of course, be observed here. This is the policy. Weaken the enemy, while you strengthen yourself, and make his resources serve your own necessities."

Army of the Potomac, Tuesday, July 29.—Some of the most valuable information McClellan has received in regard to the position, movements and plans of the enemy, the topography of the country, and the inclination of certain inhabitants, has been obtained through contrabands. Even spies and traitors have been detected, and brought before the proper authorities, upon evidence furnished by this much-abused, but generally loyal class of people.—*Cor. N. Y. Times.*

Harrison's Landing, Va., July 22.—Gen. Dix was informed that laborers were much wanted in camp, when he telegraphed to Gen. McClellan that 500 contrabands could be obtained at Norfolk. Col. Ingalls was authorized by Gen. McClellan to send a messenger for them. Accordingly the steamer Washington, which lay at Harrison's Landing, was put in charge of Mr. W. B. Cook, who had dispatches to Fortress Monroe and thence to Norfolk. When the contrabands were gathered together and rations provided, they set sail direct for this place, where they arrived day before yesterday. They were formed into line three deep on the wharf, and then marched up the plain to their encampment. They were mostly fine, healthy, strong-looking fellows. No estimate can be formed of the valuable services of such a body of men. They do all the drudgery, the unloading of vessels, making roads, etc., etc. The General that would not court the labors of men that deem it an honor to work for this army in preference to being driven by the lash of the overseer of their owner, must be either a very wise man or the reverse. This is the second consignment of colored laborers that has arrived here within a week.—*Cor. Tribune.*

Harrison's Landing, Va., July 25.—The fine steamer South America left the landing yesterday at 12 o'clock, under the charge of Mr. W. B. Cook. She has gone to Portsmouth, to bring up from 700 to 800 contrabands. Some one in this army is beginning to find out that these strong, coarse, healthy colored men are just the men to save our poor fellows from drudgery. I thought so, as I saw the beautiful boat above mentioned plowing her way down the James River yesterday. Few knew her mission, but I shall look for her to-day, and I will let you know the number brought from Portsmouth, where I understand there are at least 2,060 collected. And I can say on authority, that if the 2,000 are removed from there and conveyed to where their services are required, in less than two weeks there will be 2,000 more collected there, ready to throw in their labor on the side of the Union.—*Cor. Tribune.*

Harrison's Landing, Va., July 31.—Two contrabands were sent on an important reconnoissance yesterday to a certain quarter. They escaped into our lines by making good use of their legs, and brought with them valuable information.

Flotilla off Vicksburg, July 21.—The machinery of the ram Queen of the West was broken in the late engagement, but not so badly as to prevent the working of her engines. Her engineers and firemen expected to see a shot explode her boilers every second; but still they retained their coolness and courage—no one showing more than several contrabands who had applied but a few days before for employment, and who declared that they would be glad to die in defense of the country. The negroes never hesitated, never flinched. They were there to do their duty; and they did it without regard to consequences, without revealing the least shadow of fear.

Gen. Halleck on the Negro Question.—Washington, August 1.—Ex-Gov. Dennison, Gen. Bates, Representative Gurley, and Larz Anderson, all of Ohio, arrived here this morning, at the request of Gov. Tod, and had a long interview with the Secretary of War, the President, and Gen. Halleck regarding military interests in Southern Ohio, together with those of Kentucky, which ended most satisfactorily, and it is probable that all the committee came after will be accomplished.

To-night they had an important interview with Gen. Halleck, during which he alluded to the negro question and said that he was now and always had been in favor of using negroes within the military lines, and of confiscating all slaves and other property of rebels in arms. In addition he said that Gen. McClellan had been instructed to use all negroes coming within his lines, and to compensate those who were free, but to *employ all, without reference to their status.* The order on employing negroes will probably soon be issued by Gen. Halleck. He further intimated that he desired no secret of his sentiments thus expressed during the interview, which was most agreeable to the delegation, who left deeply impressed with the energy which he had thrown into the war policy already.—*Cor. World.*

Washington, Aug. 1.—A black regiment is now forming here, and the colored men are rapidly enlisted. They will form a regiment by themselves. Whether the government will accept the regiment after it shall have been raised, or not, remains to be seen.—*Eve. Post.*

Lieut.-Col. Ingraham of New Bedford has avowed his willingness to command a regiment of colored soldiers, if the request comes from the proper authorities. The New Bedford *Standard* says:

"A regiment of colored men could be easily raised in this State. From 100 to 200 would enroll their names in this city, whenever the President should announce the war policy in accordance with the spirit and intention of the recent acts of Congress."

Capt. James D. Fessenden, son of Senator Fessenden, says the Portland *Press,* is now acting Colonel of a regiment of colored troops at Port Royal.

Leavenworth, Kansas, July 25.—The expectation that the services of colored men will be accepted as soldiers in this Department has roused considerable enthusiasm among them. As soon as they are aware who is to command, a regiment can be readily raised. None but anti-slavery men, however, can secure their services. Most of them express a desire to form a brigade, under command of Col. Jennison, who could undoubtedly raise two regiments in a shorter space of time than any other man, not excepting Gen. Lane. The other regiments would be filled below. Capt. George H. Hoyt, of John Brown, Jr.'s, Company, is spoken of as Colonel of the First Kansas Colored Regiment; also, Capt. Williams, of the Fifth Kansas; Capt. Stewart, of the Ninth; Capt. Moonlight, of the Tenth. Acting Adjutant-Gen. to Gen. Blunt. Whenever definite instructions are received here, from which it is evident that something like fair play will be accorded them in the choice of officers, Kansas has the first regiment of colored volunteers to offer for the war. They are now drilling here and at Lawrence.—*Cor. Times.*

Williamsburg, N. Y.—In addition to all the soldiers that have gone, or are likely to be received, there are over 1,000 men now resident in Williamsburg, who are not only ready and willing, but anxious to enlist. They are all strong, able-bodied men, many of them are quite intelligent for laboring men. For the past six months they have had a semi organization, to enable them the more readily to respond to a call, should one be made upon them. They declare themselves ready to march for Dixie in three days notice, and those who know them wouldn't for a moment doubt their sincerity or devotion to the Union. The only objection that could be urged against their acceptance is that most of them are black, some of them very black, and they are all "persons of African descent." The leaders of the party, however, assured our reporter that they are ready to fight for the Union if they can be allowed to do so.—*Tribune.*

McClellan's Camp on James River, Aug. 4.—The contrabands here, some 1,500 in number, labor willingly, diligently, gratefully, and to the entire satisfaction of those who have them in charge. I passed through their encampment on Sunday, on which day they were mainly unemployed, and was surprised at the neat and cheerful aspect of persons and things. The opinion that they could be made of little service in the face of what they are actually doing, is becoming in many quarters less blatant. I have yet to find the soldier who does not rejoice as he sees the various kinds of "fatigue duty" pass over to them.—*Tribune.*

Whipping Slaves in New Orleans.

New Orleans, July 22.—When Gen. Butler came here, it was understood that the criminal habit of flogging slaves, long practiced here, would be stopped; so it was. But since, Gen. Shepley was appointed Military Commandant of New Orleans, with G. F. Weitzel as Assistant Military Commandant. On the 17th, Gen. Shepley left for the North, and it appears that Weitzel gave the following authority to the Jailer in this city:

Correction of Slaves.—The Law of the State of Louisiana for the correction of slaves will be enforced as heretofore, and I give notice of the same from the proper authorities.

jy 17 3t J. C. Rowell, Keeper of Police Jail.

The above is a very cruel act. Since the arrival of the Union army here the rebels have turned their fury against their slaves, saying the negroes are the cause of all the troubles, and you cannot imagine how many acts of cruelty have been committed since; not publicly, for Gen. Butler, I think, would stop them—but in the back yards and garrets. But, according to the law of Louisiana, a master has only to take his slave to the Jail, pay 25 cents, and, without giving any reason why he wants to have his slave whipped, orders him 25 or 35 lashes. Now, dear friend, is this in harmony with the principles and wishes of the President? *I should think not.*

Since the above order was issued, many a master has satiated his thirst for blood. For God's sake, please call the attention of the Administration at Washington to the subject, for it deserves some attention from every friend of humanity. What? Allow these rebels the privilege, without taking the oath, to appease their rage upon the poor slaves? Dear friend, it is worth something to witness things here the past few days.—*Cor. Tribune.*

Summary.

Senator Carlile Keeping Rebel Company.—Ex-Senator Green, of Missouri, now at large on parole, was in Wheeling lately, the guest of Senator Carlile.

The Hon. Reverdy Johnson has published another appeal to the Border States to embrace the scheme of Compensated Emancipation before the inexorable progress of events shall sound the words "It is too late."

A Woman of Eighty Years Hanged by the Chivalry.—The correspondent of the St. Louis *Republican* states that some rebels near Vicksburg hanged an old woman aged eighty years, for expressing her joy at the arrival of the Federal fleet.

An old colored woman, formerly a slave, is now residing in Rahway, New Jersey. She was the nurse of Preston S. Brooks, and has a large family of children, all of them slaves. "Massa Brooks" she describes as a bad boy and a cruel man to his people, whom he whipped terribly and fed in a miserable manner.

Ben. Wade's idea of McClellan, expressed the other day, while humorous, is very true. He says that Gen. McC's forte is *digging* and not fighting. "Place him before an enemy," said he, "and he will burrow like a wood-chuck. His first effort is to get into the ground."—*Ashtabula (O.) Sentinel.*

A large number of contrabands have entered Kansas from the Indian Territory, bringing with them considerable property in the shape of horses, oxen, waggons, provisions, etc., left by their rebel masters, and properly appropriated to the support of these loyal negroes. About 300 in all have reached Southern Kansas within the past ten days.

A Burnside Bell.—One of the fine-toned Southern bells which were seized by Gen. Burnside has been purchased and erected upon the camp ground at Martha's Vineyard, and will be used during the camp-meeting there, which commences the 5th of August. This has usually been the largest religious encampment in the country.

Beauregard's bells, sent to Boston by Gen. Butler, were sold in that city at public auction July 30th. Among them were several cathedral bells, cast in France eighty or ninety years ago. The proceeds of the sale were upwards of $24,000.

A New Theological Institution In Tennessee.—We are informed that, in consequence of the arrest and imprisonment of so many secession clergymen in Tennessee, some cruel wags have agreed to call the penitentiary the State Theological Seminary!—*Nashville Union.*

Arrest of Belle Boyd.—The notorious female rebel spy and mail-carrier, Belle Boyd, was captured near Warrenton recently, and sent to Washington in charge of a Union officer. She is now in the Old Capitol prison. This woman is represented as a sister of Mrs. Charles J. Faulkner, and for a long time past has been engaged in carrying the rebel mails to Richmond from points within our lines.

Scene at the War Meeting in St. Louis.—A war meeting was held at Rendi's Garden, in St. Louis, on Monday evening. Col. F. P. Blair commenced a speech with a contemptuous reference to Gen. Fremont. Instantly the assembly was in an uproar. Cries of "Put him out" were intermingled with enthusiastic cheers for Fremont, and it was with difficulty that Mr. Blair could continue his remarks.

The St. Louis *Republican* has a bitter article on the fugitives from slavery in Missouri now colonized in Kansas, which says:

"Like all other newly freed colonies of blacks, education and religion seem to have been about the first things to which these fugitive negroes had their attention directed."

—It does seem a great pity that these poor, ignorant, degraded negroes could not impart their notions of "first things" to the Southern whites.—*Tribune.*

Increase of Literature of the Country.—In the last decade the newspaper and periodical literature of the country has doubled in numbers and circulation. The figures are as follows:

NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS.

Year.	Numbers.	Circulation.
1850	2,526	426,409,978
1860	4,051	927,951,548

A prominent citizen of Warrenton says that of the 11,000 slaves in Farquahar County, Va., before the rebellion, about 5,000 have left their masters and sought employment elsewhere. Many of them remain in the County, but demand payment for their labor and generally obtain it, the planters being compelled to accede to their demands or allow their crops to remain unharvested. Some of these slaves are now receiving from $3 to $5 per day.

Gov. Kirkwood of Iowa is a true-hearted Republican, and a most fearless man. He had an interview with the President a day or two since, on the present condition of the country. I violate no privacies or confidences by saying that Gov. Kirkwood told Mr. Lincoln very frankly that the people of the West were tired of the war as it had been conducted heretofore. "Why, sir," said he, "at this very hour, some of the best officers Iowa has furnished you for the war are under arrest because they would not turn slave-catchers in obedience to Halleck's infamous Order No. 3!" Such is the fact. The President promised to look into the matter—perhaps he has forgotten it before this.—*Wash. Cor. Independent.*

An Angelic "Slave-Catcher."—In Genesis, 46th chapter and 9th verse, we read:

"The angel of the Lord said—Return to thy mistress and submit to her bonds."—*Chicago Times.*

Ah, yes, Abraham, Hagar's master, was a loyal man, and believed in the "enforcement of the laws." The Book of Exodus, on the other hand, tells us that Moses, the servant of the Lord, abducted over 600,000 slaves from an obdurate and stiff-necked old rebel named Pharaoh, after he had polluted him with frogs, bit him with vermin, stung him with flies, covered him with boils, and pelted him with hailstones; and when the old secessionist tried to chase them, the Lord opened the Red Sea and told them to skedaddle.—*Nashville Union.*

A Novel Expedient to Obtain Recruits for the Empire Brigade.—Charles L. Frothingham, "First Lieutenant and Regimental Adjutant of the New York Seventh Regiment, and late Quartermaster of the Fifth New York Cavalry," in an advertisement for recruits for Company E, Third Regiment, Spinola's Empire Brigade, makes the following appeal: "This will be the first regiment in the field from New York, and it is earnestly hoped that the young men of New York and vicinity will come forward and join a company, under experienced officers, to put down this wicked rebellion, *which has been brought about by such men as Wendell Phillips, Horace Greeley, Henry Ward Beecher, and a host of other abolition traitors.*" Gen. Spinola has published a card, stating that this Frothingham is an interloper, acting without his authority.

Gen. Rousseau and a Rebel Clergyman.—Rev. Frederick A. Ross has just been examined on a charge of treason, and convicted upon his own showing. Under charge of a guard he was about to leave the General's tent. Putting on a particularly sanctimonious expression of countenance, he took up his hat, turned to the General and said: "Well, General, we must each do as we think best, and I hope we will both meet in Heaven." The General replied: "Your getting to Heaven, sir, will depend altogether upon your future conduct; before we can reasonably hope to meet in that region, you and I must become better men." The effect of this brief rejoinder was irresistible.

A distinguished member of the Cabinet remarked to a Northern Governor a few days since, "I am not sure but it would do us a good service if Jackson were to capture Washington. It would *wake the people up.*" The Governor was annoyed. "Wake *the people up?*" he replied; "why, sir, are you aware that the people of the loyal States are on fire with excitement, and principally because *you*—the government—are asleep, while the nation reels to ruin? No, sir! It might serve us a very good turn if Jackson would capture Washington *and every man in it,* but *the people* need no more agitation to show them the desperate condition of the country. Let the government do its duty, and all will be well."—*Wash. Cor. Independent.*

The Right Spirit.—Senator Sherman, of Ohio, hitherto ranked among the Conservatives, said at a late war meeting: "The people of Ohio believe in prosecuting this war till the national flag waves over every foot of the Republic, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico. If the rebellion be subdued *now,* all trouble in that direction will be forever ended. We must meet this crisis *now* with our whole heart and all our abilities. The reason why we have met with reverses is, we have not waked up to the magnitude of the undertaking in which we are engaged. We used honeyed words and conciliatory terms heretofore, but now this must be ended. Now we must use more potent instruments—*every means which God has put into our hands—bond and free—white and black.*"

An Editor with Nothing to Say.—*The Methodist Protestant* of Baltimore has a leading article on "Editorial Life," in which the editor states his chief grievance in these words:

"It is annoying to write editorials when one has nothing to say."

So it is. Yet a newspaper in Baltimore, just now, might find something to say, if it tried. But an editor who aims to keep friends with two sides by advocating neither, who tries to be half Unionist and half secessionist in Baltimore, is like the famous man who sought to serve God without offending the Devil. We do not wonder that a Baltimorean of such a temper finds an editorial easy-chair only an uneasy anxious-seat. We sympathize with his editorial embarrassment, and beg leave to suggest a remedy. Good sir, take a thorough look at both sides of the present quarrel; then, throw away one, and stand by the other; and you will have something to say!—*Independent.*

A Contraband Congregational Church.—A large number of fugitives from slavery have found their way to Lawrence, Kansas. Rev. Richard Ordley, pastor of the Congregational Church there, took a deep interest in their welfare, and began an evening school to teach them to read, which was soon attended by hundreds of them. A Sabbath-school was established among them, and they were supplied with preaching. These efforts resulted in an organization of a Congregational Church of eight members, to which two have since been added. Efforts are now being made to erect a house of worship for this Contraband Congregational Church. Contributions are solicited to the treasury of the American Congregational Union, that the Union may have the means of making an appropriation of $150, for which they have applied to enable them to pay their bills.—*Cong. Journal.*

A Strange Incident.—Six years ago, a young black man in Maryland, tired of being a slave, took advantage of a propitious night, and ran away to Canada. On sending back an occasional message to his aged father, who remained behind in bonds, he found means, for some time, of procuring answers, until at length no more answers came. Then for five years he heard nothing, and neither father nor son knew if the other were alive or dead. A few days ago, a gentleman in a public position in this city received a letter from this dusky Canadian correspondent, asking if there were any possible way of finding out something about his father. This letter was shortly afterwards enclosed to an editor of this paper, and was lying open on his desk, when the office was entered by a stranger from a Border State—an old man with a black face—and no other than the young man's father! So the letter had an unexpected and speedy answer, and by this time the father and son have seen each other face to face! Who shall say that the kind providence of God does not signally favor the poor and the lowly whom men despise?—*Independent.*

Unsuccessful Attempt to Return two Slaves to their Rebel Masters from this City.—For a week past freedom-loving citizens have been on the *qui vive* for the whereabout of two "fugitives from service," who were reported to be snugged away so as to be secure from the "rude hands of Abolitionists." Frank, from South Carolina, and Fred, from Alabama, had been seen in this city by the U. S. Marshal of Florida, Mr. Clapp, who has been here for some time on business connected with the sale of the prize steamer Circassian, at whose instance they were ordered to be arrested. They were accordingly taken into custody by order of the Deputy U. S. Marshal, in the absence of Marshal Murray last week, and lodged in the House of Detention for witnesses. Mr. Harris, a young lawyer of the Abolition persuasion, and proud of it, procured a writ of *habeas corpus* and served it upon the Marshal, who immediately caused the two contrabands to be brought forth into daylight. It appears that Mr. Clapp represented the claim of Frank's rebel master, who had paid for him no less a sum than $1,700, and who wanted him back. The claim failed, however, owing to the very prudent absence of the alleged owner. In reference to Fred from Alabama, he was only suspected of being a slave. Seeing the improbability of being able to retain the fugitives, the prosecutor next charged them with being rebel spies, but this was so improbable, that the prisoners were at once set at liberty, and yesterday being Emancipation day, they celebrated it with becoming spirit.—*Tribune, Aug.* 2.

An Amusing Incident happened at a Fourth of July celebration of conservative patriots, at a town in Vallandigham's District, in Ohio, on the 4th of July. The Conservatives had the control, and selected officers and orators of their own stripe. It happened that Judge Smith of Pettis County, Mo., was there on a visit, and it being known that he was a slaveholder and a good speaker, the Conservatives gathered round him and insisted that he should make them a speech. He finally consented, and took the stand. He commenced by saying he belonged to a slave State, and was himself a slave-owner; but loved the Union more than slavery; that there was in Missouri a class of patriots who were for the Union as long as it protected slavery, and such men were uniformly loud in denunciation of Abolitionists and secessionists, always putting Abolitionists first, and declaring that they ought both to be hung on the same tree. That whenever he heard a man talk that way he put him down as a sneaking traitor. When the speaker got thus far, the audience broke in upon him with such loud and prolonged cheers that for a long time he could not proceed. The officers of the celebration were, as you may suppose, pale with amazement and anger; but the great heart of the people was touched, and responded in tone and spirit unmistakable. The oration and previous speaking had all been of the conservative, rose-water kind, and elicited no manifestation of applause; but Judge Smith carried the sympathy and enthusiasm of the people with him. Every one supposed that, being a slaveholder, he was of course in sympathy with the rebels; but he soon undeceived them. Judge Smith is one of a numerous class of slaveholders in Missouri who are for the Union first, and, believing slavery to be the cause of the present rebellion, are in favor of accepting the liberal offer of the President and removing the cause.—*Cor. Tribune.*

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"It has had no equal since 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' In variety and correctness it is superior to that."—*Zion's Herald, Boston.*

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New York, July 4, 1862.

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Hopedale, Milford, Mass., August 4, 1862.

Miscellaneous Department.

THE OLD FERULE.

BY B. P. SHILLABER.

Grim relic of a distant time,
More interesting than sublime!
Thou'rt fitting subject for my rhyme,
And touch'st me queerly;
Unlike the touch that youthful crime
Provoked severely.

It was a dark and fearful day
When thou held'st sovereign rule and sway,
And all Humanity might say
Could not avert
The doom that brought thee into play,
And wrought us hurt!

Ah, Solomon! that dogma wild
Of sparing rod and spoiling child,
Has long thy reputation soiled,
And few defend it;
Our teachers draw it far more mild,
And strive to mend it.

Oh, bitter were the blows and whacks
That fell on our delinquent backs,
When, varying from moral tracks,
In youthful error,
Thou madest our stubborn nerves relax
With direst terror.

I know 'twas urged that our own good
Dwelt in the tingle of the wood
That scored us as we trembling stood,
And couldn't flee it;
But I confess I never could
Exactly see it.

The smothered wrath at every stroke
Was keenly felt though never spoke,
And twenty devils rampant broke
For one subdued,
And all discordances awoke—
A fiendish brood.

And impish trick and vengeful spite
Essayed with all their skill and might
To make the balance poise aright;
And hate, sharp-witted,
Ne'er left occasion, day or night,
To pass omitted.

I see it now:—the whittled doors,
The window panes smashed in by scores,
The desecrated classic floors,
The benches levelled,
The streaming ink from murky pores
The books bedevilled.

Small reverence for Learning's fane,
For master's toil of nerve and brain,
They saw instruction marred with pain,
And Alma Mater
Was thought of only by the train
To deprecate her.

'Tis strange to have thee in my grasp:
My fingers round thy handle clasp,
No sense of pain my feelings rasp,
As last I knew thee;
Then thou didst sting me like an asp,
Foul shame unto thee!

But gentler moods suggest the thought—
That still thine office, anguish-fraught,
For our best good unselfish wrought,
Had we but known it,
And we, with grateful spirit, ought
To freely own it.

Perhaps—but I am glad at heart
That thou no more bear'st sovereign part
In helping on Instruction's art
By terror's rule—
That other modes will prompt the smart
Than thee in school.

Thanks, old reminder of the past,
For this brief vision backward cast;
We measure progress to contrast
Times far and near,
Rejoiced on summing up at last,
We're not arrear.

—*Boston Saturday Gazette.*

THE ROOT OF THE MATTER.

Contiguous States may have political governments and industrial systems not only different but oppugnant, and yet remain at peace with each other, if the States are not vitally connected. But if you should unite them by a common government, derived equally from the different States, that government would become the inevitable point of conflict—each of the oppugnant industrial and political elements striving for the mastery. This has been the fact in our own national history.

Long ago the more sagacious Southern statesmen foresaw that a time would come when the Federal government must accept the peculiar principles underlying slave institutions, or the principles belonging to free States. Free labor and slave labor may coexist as facts, in different States, under a common government; but, in their political principles, cannot coexist in the administration of the common government, since they are opposites, and the presence of one is the destruction of the other.

It was the purpose of Mr. Calhoun, the archetype of the present generation of Southern statesmen, to implete the government silently with Southern principles, to secure it to the side of slavery, until either the whole continent should be substantially slaveholding, or the slaveholding States should have become numerous and powerful enough to slough the free States and establish a great tropical Republican Empire.

The ultimate absolute incompatibility of slavery and freedom, under a common government, has not only been accepted as a philosophy by the sagacious thinkers of the South, but it has worked down among the common people as an empirical truth. It is a conviction of the statesman, and an enthusiasm of the common people. The South is united on this ground, that its peculiar ideas must rule in the administration of government. This is the whole meaning of Southern rights! There has been no grievance, no oppression, no meddling with its laws, its institutions, its industries, by the hand of government. The only wrong done, is the supercession of Southern ideas in the administration of government. But that is wrong enough to men who know that there cannot be two opposite theories coexisting in one government; and that the fact of the ejection of the Southern principle is its downfall. The peculiar ideas of the North in favor of liberty have been excluded from the Administration for fifty years. Now, these reëntering with authority, Southern principles go out; and Southern men know it. And the whole state of Southern feeling and opinion, their grievances while with us, and their determination to be separate, are giving a magnificent development to this cardinal fact, that slavery and liberty cannot administer, in common, the one government. Southern men are clear in their discernment. They are logical in their deduction. They are consistent in their practice.

Meanwhile the busy North has speculated very little concerning this matter. The sense of strength; the breadth of base on which free States build; the habit, springing from industrious enterprise, of attending to one's business and not meddling with others'; these reasons, and others yet worthier—indisposition to interfere with State sovereignties, or to embarrass those who, until lately, professed to be enough harrassed by slavery without vexatious intrusion of foreign philanthropy—have kept the North from studying and appreciating the philosophy of Southern and Northern society as related to a Federal common government. Only let the South alone, and attend to your own business!—has been the great prescription for peace and prosperity. Why cannot contiguous States be at peace, even with utterly inconsistent ideas and institutions, if each will let the other alone? And, in truth, this is sound reasoning. The fallacy lies in supposing it to be within the volition of States to let each other alone! If they were isolated, they might. But being vitally united by a Federal government, they cannot.

It is possible to have any number of Leyden jars, or sets of them, filled with opposite electricities, without explosion, if they are in juxtaposition only. But if by one wire you unite them, there will be a conflict of forces, an explosion, and the predominance afterwards of the remaining force, whatever it may be.

Now, Kentucky and Ohio need not conflict with each other, as equal contiguous sovereignties. Neither do they. But when Kentucky sends to Washington her political electricity, and Ohio hers, and they are brought together, there will be a flash and explosion. The great Federal departments of government are points at which opposing forces adjust themselves—the Federal Court, the Executive silently, and Congress vociferously, striving to balance, not differing selfish interests, but deadly opposite principles. All the States are connected with each other through the National Federal Battery at Washington.

Here, then, are great controlling principles, behind all human opinions and volitions, and underneath all human desires, setting in motion great tides and currents, on which men are unconsciously and involuntarily borne their several ways. The contestants are blaming each other, and charging all the disasters to opposing radicals. This is as if, in a storm upon the ocean, the passengers in a great ship, hustled and hurtled from side to side, and pitched against each other, should fall to blows of hand and tongue, as if it were not the wind that rolled the sea, the sea that rolled the ship, and the ship that tossed the passengers! They did not make the storm! And so, now, on this continent, citizens are but the puppets obeying the movements of God's hand. Hang every Abolitionist in the land, and as many more would come to their funeral.

It is left us only to choose in which current to float. On one side or the other we must contest, till one or the other element is in ascendency.

The true policy of the North for the last twenty-five years was, to oppose a temperate but firm resistance to the tendencies of slavery. But for the sake of peace and union, everything demanded was, with some ineffectual struggle, yielded. Every yielding for the sake of peace made peace more difficult. Conflict would have yielded peace; but now, peace has brought conflict. At each period the reasons for Northern firmness were more urgent; and at each, instead, the North made concessions and compromises. But a compromise between an unjust usurer and a needy debtor increases the miser's power of exaction, and weakens the victim's power of resisting. By avoiding the real issues, by dodging inevitable questions, by postponing and rolling over to the future all the vital conflicts which two such gigantic forces, in deadly opposition, must breed, it became certain that, at length, there would be a tremendous explosion, and such a settlement as the elements have, when, after long heats and droughts, storms come through the air, and by thunder and lightning, by winds and rains, restore the balance of air and earth.

But such was the confidence that we had in the power of discussion, in the elasticity of our institutions, and the recuperative good sense of our people, that we resolutely disbelieved that the great settlement would take on the form of Civil War. There was no logical necessity for war. The crisis came in the campaign preceding Mr. Lincoln's election. Had there been a government in Washington, no war could have come. A well-meaning man, that in times of prosperity is only a public annoyance, in times of adversity is a public disaster. Such was Buchanan, feebly patriotic, fiercely a partisan, and wholly a coward. If you were his enemy, he feared and conciliated you; if his friend, he trusted your kindness and betrayed it. As Jonah was for three days and nights in the whale's belly, so for three Presidential years Mr. Buchanan lived in the belly of the South. On the fourth they cast him up, that he might have time, in his expiring term, to betray the North more fatally than it was ever given to Judas or Arnold to betray Master or country. He found every blessing of peace on his accession to office, and on leaving it bequeathed to the country the cruelest war of modern history.

Had the beginning of the war been energetic, the conflict would still have been brief; and, afterwards, by the action of great laws, economic and moral, slavery might have been weakened, wasted and finally destroyed.

It was the want of the sense of the comprehensive antagonism of the two great societies that invalidated the war. Our leaders were hoping for conciliation. They seemed to have been reading the Prophets, and believed that the millennial prediction was to be fulfilled by their hands. They have been trying to get lambs and wolves to lie down together. They believed that the lion and calf would mate. They have carried out bundles of straw to feed lions on. Like children, indeed, they have played on the hole of the asp, and put their hand on the cockatrice's den.

And what has been the result of not knowing the times? of not perceiving the tremendous sweep of these great principles that were floating down two great civil societies upon each other? of hoping all things and doing nothing? We shall say what that fearful result is.

A war that might have been avoided has been invited. A war that should have been brief has become long. A war that should have been but the penal hand of government inflicting chastisement, has become inevitably revolutionary and radically destructive. To-day it is not a question so much which shall conquer, as which shall exist as a civil community—the North or the South? Moral influence is ended. Only the Sword now argues!

The South, with all its material force, and with every living fibre filled and electrified with its peculiar political philosophy, is consolidated, armed, embattled and skillfully led. *They mean no less than our destruction.* Their own independence is the present claim. But the same causes which led them to refuse to remain in a government of which they were not chiefs, will lead them to refuse to dwell on a continent of which they are not masters. If they do not mean it, they will have to mean it. It is the destiny of their logic.

On the other hand, called against its own will into this war, the North should understand precisely its situation and what it has to do. It is the war not merely of two armies—not of two dynasties urged only by ambition. It is a war of those principles which generate political forces. It is a war of Fates. It is not external and casual conflict. It is internal, essential—the principle of life resisting the fermentation of morbific matter. But two courses are open. Yield the South their demand. Concede their independence, and buy five years of drugged and fitful peace, and fifty years of rivalry and vindictive quarreling. Give up the Mississippi and the Gulf, and march for the North Star; give up Kentucky and Maryland, that will inevitably go with a successful South. Above all, give up Washington as the seat of government, and set down somewhere else a new Capital. For, should the South succeed, we might as well have our Capital at Cape Horn as within Virginia territory. Having been outwitted in government for fifty years, and vanquished in war, let the good-natured North be hoodwinked once more, and find out too late that separation is dismemberment!

The sword will amputate her limbs without tying up any arteries. England, that always loved us more than herself, and does so still! advises the North to take off her hand from God's gift of ten degrees of latitude across half the globe, and to barter the zones of a continent for a mess of pottage!

This is one course.

The other is war upon a scale proportioned to the issues at stake—the imminence of the danger—and the power of the great free North to wage war!

If this last alternative be chosen still, then it should be chosen with a clear understanding of its inevitable course. Either the South must go down or the North. Their civilization or our civilization will survive. But only one of them!

It is not enough that we increase our men and means. We shall never succeed until we accept the IDEA latent in this conflict. Slavery must be crushed. Liberty must have absolute and unquestioned dominion on this continent. We will not have oppression under the symbol of a sceptre or of a whip—neither exported from abroad nor sprouting from our own soil! This continent is dedicated to liberty. It is the mission of this generation of men to establish free institutions from ocean to ocean. We sought to do it in peace. Since war has come, we will seek to take from its repulsiveness and horror by making it serve the noblest ends of human liberty. If it is for liberty upon a whole continent that we fight, then, every son or brother that falls is a sacrificial victim. By his blood, we ransom generations of men!

To this one grand result, which for years we honestly strove to gain by the methods of peace, now that against our wish and against every effort, war has been thrust upon us, we now would summon this people to lend every energy. Along this path, shall we be dragged by Divine Providence, hesitating, stumbling, like a sullen or a stupid boy that pulls at his father's hand, whining and crying; or shall we stand up like men, with loins girded, sword drawn, with hearts fixed, and an intelligent acceptance of that Guide who points out the road of safety right across the ruins of slavery, and says, "This is the way, walk ye in it"?

The way to make the Administration see this truth, is to see it ourselves. There is a kind of political mesmerism. Our rulers will partake of our sensations. What the people see, the President will see. What the people taste, will repeat itself on the President's tongue.

Let the sentence be spoken. Let all hinderances and hesitations end. Lift up the banner! And as the winds of war roll out its folds, let those letters shine out as if God had written them with heavenly light, "UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION."—*H. W. Beecher, in The Independent.*

AN AMERICAN IN EUROPE.

Prof. C. D. Cleveland of Philadelphia, now Consul at Cardiff, Wales, was invited by the Americans in London to participate in their late celebration of the Fourth of July, at the Crystal Palace. Being unable to do so, he sent them the following truthful and stirring letter:

Cardiff, July 2, 1862.

Hon. Freeman H. Morse, *U. S. Consul, London:*

Dear Sir: I regret that the duties of my consulate will not allow me to be with you and our loyal countrymen, to celebrate, at the Crystal Palace, the next anniversary of our National Independence. As things have heretofore been, I should have but little heart to be present at such a celebration; for you, sir, know as well as I know—the whole world knows it—how, by our practice, we have given the lie to the very principles—the "self-evident truths"—of our famed Declaration. But now that I see, as I think, the "beginning of the end," when those principles are to be nobly illustrated by our practice, when "liberty is to be proclaimed throughout *all* the land unto *all* the inhabitants thereof"—the very inscription upon the old Revolutionary bell in the State House of Philadelphia—it would gladden my heart to meet Americans of kindred spirit on this side of the Atlantic, and with them rejoice together at the prospect of the speedy coming of the "acceptable year of the Lord"—the year of jubilee.

We both believe, I trust, what God has declared, that National transgressions will be followed by National judgments; and our beloved country—loved by me infinitely above all others, for the noblest form of government undoubtedly ever given to the world—is now but reaping the fruits of her own transgressions. I will not say what, in view of her long years of civil wars, of her frequent internal commotions, of her active prosecution of the slave trade for centuries, and of her burdensome taxes, is the *last* nation that can consistently throw stones at the United States; but this I will say, that I know of *no* European nation whatever that can with any face cast reproaches at our beloved country in this her hour of trial.

But while we believe that nations must and will suffer here for their sins, we also believe that National repentance will be followed by National blessings. God grant that the people of our land may see what only will secure their true peace and prosperity, and be inclined "to do justly and to love mercy." Then may we expect such a course of happiness and prosperity as the world has never yet witnessed in any nation. I have never feared either the strength, or the numbers, or the skill, or the malevolence of the rebels: but I *have* feared that the poison of slavery had so penetrated our whole frame as a nation, had so infused itself into the very bones and marrow of our people, even a large portion of the people of the North, that no medicine could purge us of the virus, and that we must sink under its corruption.

But I now have more than hope. I think I see that, under our present eminently wise, just, and beneficent Administration, we shall soon, with the blessing of God, behold our beloved country, with her otherwise fair garments purified of the foul stain that has so long defiled them, stand forth before the civilized nations of the world in the pure, commanding, unexampled attitude of a consistent Christian Republic. God speed the day!

With the highest respect, your obedient servant,

Chas. D. Cleveland.

THE END OF THE RAINBOW.

"Come, Nelly," I cried, on a soft summer day,
When the sunbeams were chasing the raindrops away—
"The rainbow has lit on yon hill, and you know
There are bags full of gold at the end of the bow."

We were young, thoughtless children, sweet Nelly and I,
And we thought that the hill-top was close to the sky;
We thought, too (our brothers had said it was so),
We should find heaps of gold at the end of the bow.

So onward we trudged over meadows of green,
Where violets modest, and daisies were seen:
Nor paused till we stood in the valley below,
And gazed all around for the end of the bow.

"Not here," I said sadly; but Nelly replied—
"It is hid in the moss by the waterfall's side;
Run fast; if you move o'er the pebbles so slow,
I'm sure I'll be first at the end of the bow."

We found not the treasure we searched for till night;
But Nelly, the sweet, fragile blossom, was right;
From this valley of tears she was first called to go,
To the spot where is resting the end of the bow.

Where rainbows of glory unceasingly play,
Dear Nelly is singing with angels to-day;
And her light snowy pinions are folded, I trow,
In the fulness of joy at the end of the bow.

LETTER FROM MRS. CHILD TO A MEMBER OF CONGRESS.

From The (Washington) National Republican.

The following letter, which we have been permitted to print, was written to a member of Congress as a compliment for his firmness and zeal in the cause of liberty and the Union:

Wayland, June 16, 1862.

Hon. Mr. ——: *Dear Sir*—I thank you from the depths of my soul, for your speech on confiscation and liberation. It has strengthened and cheered me more than any words that have come to me since the war began. And I have *needed* strengthening, as you can readily imagine. I am thankful for what *has* been done. Thankful to see a Congress freed, in a great measure, from the fear of the Southern whip; thankful for emancipation in the District; for the recognition of Hayti and Liberia; for the extermination of slavery in places under exclusive United States jurisdiction; for the prohibition of its extension into new territories. But, mingled with all this, there is so much to grieve and exasperate every true friend of freedom and progress, that at times I cannot shake off despondency. So few seem to have any clear perception of the great principles of justice and humanity! So few realize that without righteousness there *can* be no permanent peace and prosperity! With a few noble exceptions, I look in vain among politicians for anything like true repentance for the grievous, long continued wrongs done to the colored people—even for any acknowledgment of their *right to redress.* The only question seems to be whether it will most serve *our* interests to abuse them or to use them.

When I see the poor, much enduring slaves looking to the United States so hopefully, trusting to *us* for liberation, willing and anxious to serve us, yet in so many cases sent back to the vengeance of their masters, my soul is filled with an agony of shame and sorrow, which language is altogether inadequate to express. In view of such things, I cannot see what *right* this nation has to *expect* to be saved. It seems impossible that a just God *can* save a people whose moral sense is so wofully perverted.

> "I see brave patriots bleed; the rankling chain
> Replaced by despots round the bondman's form,
> All in God's name! and o'er my soul deep pain,
> Resolve, and agony, a mighty storm
> Of fierce resistance, sweeps, that cleaves the air
> With the resistless might of heart-wrung prayer."

If *I* had Almighty power, swift thunderbolts would fall on the head of every military slave-catcher, and on every politician who strives to shield them in their mean, dastardly, cruel work. But the All wise One, who is so visibly guiding events, will make even these base men help on the work of freedom.

Every surrender of a fugitive has swelled the great tide of the popular heart, that I hope will soon be strong enough to break down all the dykes and barriers of legalized oppression. I very much prefer to see emancipation come in an *orderly* way; and I have waited long, and tried to be patient, hoping to see it thus accomplished; but a stormy tide swells ever more and more in my breast, as I watch the timid, fluctuating policy of the government, and I am ready to exclaim: If it cannot be done in *order*, then, in the name of the God of justice, let it be done in *dis*order! I abhor war, and have the greatest dread of military supremacy; yet I have become so desperate with hope deferred that a hurrah goes up from my heart when the army rises to carry out God's laws, though it involves the necessity of trampling on the civil authorities working in the service of Satan. This exultation arises from no partisan feeling in favor of the colored people exclusively. I feel thus because I am convinced, as you are, that this is the great battle of Armageddon, between the angels of freedom and the demons of despotism. The aristocrats of Europe do but obey their affinities in siding with the South. They are birds of the same feather, claws, and beak; birds of *prey*, all of them.

I have often thought of the wonderful leadings of Providence in making the slaveholders do His work by means of their own aggressions upon freedom. Little did they know what giant they were waking from his slumbers when they sought to crush out free Kansas, and to assassinate Charles Sumner for pointing out to the people the prints of their bloody heels. When, by hopes of the Presidency, they hired Daniel Webster to sustain the infamous Fugitive Slave bill, they did not see rising from that act a vision of Uncle Tom, destined to kindle the heart of the civilized world to a white heat that would brand their institution as the ugliest system of despotism that had ever disgraced and cursed the ages.

Your recapitulation of the events in which they have been unconsciously the agents of God's will is an echo of my own frequent thoughts. The overruling hand is so plain in the dark gathering of the clouds, as well as in the lurid flash of the lightning, that in view of it I cannot but thank God and take courage. But when I turn from that view and watch the United States government, so wickedly willing to abjure all principles of justice and humanity, so insanely blind to an enlightened *policy* in their fear of offending the Border States; when I see so many of our military men, *mere* military chieftains, incapable of understanding that human souls are living spirits, and not mere drill machines; when I look on *that* side—I need to be reassured by brave, manly words like yours.

Oh, those Border States! They seem to be dragging the whole nation into the gulf of ruin. If God *meant* to save this country, why *did* not He allow *all* the slaveholders to go wild with the madness of secession? The Borderers are really as completely demented by slavery as are the open rebels; only, being situated just as they are, they deem it the best *policy* to profess loyalty. If the whole insane hospital were equally mad, there would be some hope of getting them into strait jackets and restoring them to reason by kind and judicious treatment; but what is to be done with these disguised lunatics?

Every day, I pray God, in agony of soul, to remove from our government that night-mare fear of the Border States, which, by the mere force of a fearful *dream*, chains its will and parlyzes its motions. That we shall ultimately conquer the rebels by force of arms seems to admit of little doubt; but, if they continue slaveholders, our terrible struggle will be invested with no moral dignity, and it will have no moral value as a historical lesson for the human race. God will, indeed, turn it into a *warning*, for the peace thus bought would prove *no* peace. Perhaps we are not worthy to fulfil any higher mission than a warning. But I love my country, and most devoutly wish we might do something for the world better than that. Our own *safety*, as well as our moral standing among the nations, requires the overthrow of their baneful system. If we conquer them, what can we do with the turbulent, chaotic mass of arrogance and violence which the habits of slaveholding inevitably produce? There can be no *real* peace or union, unless the *spirit* of their population is changed, and that can be done only by the salutary influence of free institutions. The Unitarian minister of Fitchburg prayed, the other day, "Oh, God, we pray thee to bless the rebels. Bless their hearts with sincere repentance. Bless their armies with defeat. Bless their social condition by emancipation." And truly a proclamation of emancipation would be the greatest good that we could confer upon the slave*holders*. Oh, that we Americans really *believed* in freedom! that sacred name, which we so often take in vain. It is wonderful how that faith has degenerated among us. I sometimes think there was no other possible way of regenerating this people, than this dreadful war.

I have long thought, and though few agree with me, I cannot banish the idea from my mind, that the rebels, in their last extremity of desperation, will resort to emancipation, as the only means of securing the assistance of England and France. Their pride is so indomitable, that they will do *anything* rather than submit to the United States; and there is no other way in which they could so effectually humiliate us, and secure to their cause the sympathy of the world! John Bull and Monsieur Crepeau would like nothing better than to help in the dismemberment of these States; and if the South is sagacious enough to take *that* step, they can do it not only without offending the moral sense of their own people and of the civilized world, but they would be sure to receive universal plaudits as missionaries of freedom, justice and humanity, while they were in fact merely serving the purpose of their own selfishness. I have never believed that M. Mercier went to Richmond merely to see about tobacco. Why is he now going to France, and Lord Lyons to England? Why is Slidell's secretary hurrying home to Secessia from Paris?

The South has always been too cunning for us; and I cannot think she will lose *this* chance to make use of the advantage which we have been so afraid to avail ourselves of. If she does so, the United States government will wake up too late to a sense of its folly. It will become the laughing stock of the civilized world. The Border States will no longer place any value on the institution they are now so willing to sacrifice the country to sustain, and Sambo will be amply revenged upon us for rejecting the services he was so willing to render us in our hour of need. It is such a beautiful programme of just retribution, that it really seems as if Providence *ought* to carry it into operation. Sometimes I chuckle over it in thought, but I am soon saddened; for I love my country, and should be mortified and grieved to see her in such a disgraceful position before the world. Yet it seems to me the chances are ten to one that it *will* be so. Well, we must comfort ourselves with the fact that *we* shall in that case be emancipated from slaveholding rule—from Border States and all.

May God bless you, as my grateful heart blesses you. Yours with respect and gratitude,

L. Maria Child.

ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN THE DUTCH COLONIES.

Correspondence of The Independance Belge, July 9.

How many times during the past twelve years have I had occasion to entertain you with plans for the emancipation of the slaves in the West Indies? All these plans have more or less failed because the Ministers, who during this period succeeded each other, were too much concerned about the interests of the colony, and too little about those of the negroes. In other words, they had no confidence in the success of the enterprise. They were afraid that the negroes, once emancipated, would leave the colony, as was the case in French Guiana. Thus it happened that one minister was only willing to liberate the children of the slaves; another wished to unite them in colonies, and to compel them to work, that is to say give them only a half liberty.

This one proposed to make the slaves pay the price of their emancipation; that one proposed a strict superintendence of the State over the emancipated negroes; not to speak of the project to establish a bank at Surinam, which should receive two-thirds of the indemnity to be paid to the owners. This idea, excellent in itself, because it was to prevent the enormous capital of emancipation from entirely leaving the colony, had nevertheless no more chance of success than the project of appropriating or buying the plantations with the negroes.

In this question, as in others, the government instead of marching ahead of public opinion, permitted one concession after another to be wrested from it. The majority of the Second Chamber, tired of all these tergiversations, at length declared that it demanded an immediate liberation, a limited superintendence, and an indemnification to the owners of the slaves.

In consequence of such a precise declaration, the former Minister of the Colonies presented two bills, providing for the emancipation of the slaves at Surinam, Curacoa, and other islands depending upon them. The new plan was based on four fundamental principles: 1. Immediate liberation; 2. Superintendence limited to ten years; 3. Indemnification of 300 florins for every slave; 4. Immigration of free laborers at the expense of the State.

During eight days the chamber has discussed the first project, that of Surinam, which is the most important. We must say, to the honor of the Dutch Legislature, it showed unanimously the greatest possible sympathy for the poor negroes who have been so long flattered with the hope of being soon liberated. If there was any contest, it arose from the desire of every orator to make the law as liberal as possible. Mr. Van Bosse caused the adoption of several amendments which considerably improve the law. The Minister of the Colonies, in his turn, showed that this time there was a serious intention to solve the question. Therefore he made no great objection to accepting such amendments as do not subvert the principles of the law, and especially that presented by Mr. Van Bosse, to authorize the government of Surinam to liberate from the superintendence of the government those slaves who should distinguish themselves by good conduct.

Encouraged by this good understanding between the government and the Legislature, the Second Chamber has to-day voted the abolition of slavery, and the liberation of the slaves in the Dutch colonies, to take place on July 1st next. You already know that after this date the slaves will be held to labor, but they will be free to choose their masters, and in no case, will a day's work last longer than eight hours.

THE CROSS LAID ON THE NEGRO.

"They laid hold on one Simon, a Cyrenian, and on him they laid the cross, that he might bear it after Jesus."—*Luke* xxiii. 26.

There is something significant in the very form of the narrative. "And they laid hold on one Simon, a Cyrenian, and on him they laid the cross." As if one should say, here is a fellow without rights, without business—a stray chattel, to be caught and impressed into any service among his betters that may happen to want him. He is good enough to bear the cross—that will just do for him. And so on him they laid the cross, that he might bear it after Jesus. And so ever since, as ages have rolled on, Africa has been following after, wearily carrying that cross.

We talked once with a slave woman—a woman of noble figure and proportions, and of a soul grand and sweet as ever lived in a womanly frame. She had in girlhood formed the resolution of celibacy, that she might not be a mother of slaves. Her master had forced her to marry, that she might bring forth children for him to sell. And she had borne eighteen boys and girls, and had seen them sold, one after another. "Ah, ma'am," she said, "I have borne this heavy cross many, many years." But there was in this great soul, with a full consciousness of her wrongs, no revenge, no resentment. She bore the cross silently, in the very spirit of him who went before her.

There came a black man to our house a few days ago, who had spent five years at hard labor in a Maryland penitentiary for the crime of having a copy of Uncle Tom's Cabin in his house. He had been sentenced for ten years, but on his promise to leave the State and go to Canada, was magnanimously pardoned out. Everybody cheated him of the little property he had. A man for whom he had cut sixty cords of wood, paid him two dollars for the whole job—another found a pretext to seize on his little house; and so he left Maryland without any acquisition except an infirmity of the limbs which he had caught from prison labor. All this was *his* portion of the cross; and he took it meekly, without comment, only asking that as they did not allow him to finish reading the book, we would give him a copy of Uncle Tom's Cabin—which we did.

Who can speak the multitude, the variety, of woes and agonies which have gone to make up that cross? God is reminding us now, by our own experiences, what some of these woes may be like. Thousands of homes now have eyes that fail in looking for sons that shall return no more. Thousands of wasted, dismantled houses—thousands of untilled and desert farms—thousands of riven and shattered homesteads—make us *a little* aware in our own hearts what the dark man has been suffering for ages. For that silent Sufferer who walked before the Cyrenian is one who never forgets—whose day of vengeance is the year of his redeemed. Silently he sits above and calmly looks down on the turbulent crowd of Senators, politicians, Generals, soldiers—all surging to and fro in their blind and passionate endeavors, and every one of them in turn repudiating their black brother.

"I do not care for the negro—but I care for the whites," is now the very advance cry of those who take the side of Simon the Cyrenian. "At least, let him have the privilege of digging our trenches where white men cannot work."

"Ah, now, you have philanthropic views toward him," shout the opposite party. "Look there, now, those men actually are getting philanthropic."

"Not a bit of it," is the rejoinder; "only twenty thousand white men died in the trenches before Richmond, and I had rather it had been twenty thousand niggers—that's all."

But high above all sits the King who wore the crown of thorns. Let us tremble at the vision of him which the Apocalypse opens: "And I saw heaven opened, and behold a white horse; and he that sat upon him was called Faithful and True, and in righteousness he doth judge and make war. His eyes were as a flame of fire, and on his head were many crowns; and he had a name written that no man knew but he himself. And he was clothed with a vesture dipped in blood: and his name is called the Word of God. And the armies which were in heaven followed him upon white horses, clothed in fine linen, white and clean. And out of his mouth goeth a sharp sword, that with it he should smite the nations: and he shall rule them with a rod of iron: and he treadeth the wine-press of the fierceness and wrath of Almighty God. And he hath on his vesture and on his thigh a name written, KING OF KINGS, AND LORD OF LORDS."

That awful wine-press of the wrath of Almighty God: what is it? who can measure it? Who can measure the wrath of pure love, of sensitive tenderness—the wrath of a father or a mother heart that has seen its children crushed, scattered, wronged, cheated, torn with scourges, pining with hunger, wasted with pain, through the slow coming of ages? Fathers and mothers of this country! God loves the poor despised African as you loved those sons whose sufferings—sick, wounded, mangled, prisoners, dying,—you mourn. The sons of the lonely slave-mother, torn from her to die in Carolina rice-swamps, are precious in her eyes as your sons that died in the trenches before Richmond. And to that nation, despised and cast out, reviled, abhorred of all, God says, "Since thou hast been precious in my sight, thou hast been honorable, and I have loved thee: therefore will I give men for thee and people for thy life."

How long must this people wait in their hardness and impenitence with this great arrear of crime and injustice unrighted? The time has come when the nation has a right to demand, and the President of the United States a right to decree, their freedom; and there should go up petitions from all the land that he should do it. How many plagues must come on us before we will hear the evident voice, "Let this people go, that they may serve me"? Must we wait for the tenth and last? Must we wait till there be not a house where there is not one dead?—*Harriet Beecher Stowe, in The Independent.*

FOR CHARLIE'S SAKE.

C. D. P.—*Ob.* Oct. 28, 1861.

The night is late, the house is still;
The angels of the hour fulfil
Their tender ministries, and move
From couch to couch, in cares of love.
They drop into thy dreams, sweet wife,
The happiest smile of Charlie's life,
And lay on Baby's lips a kiss,
Fresh from his angel-brother's bliss;
And, as they pass, they seem to make
A strange, dim hymn, "For Charlie's sake."

My listening heart takes up the strain,
And gives it to the night again,
Fitted with words of lowly praise,
And patience learned of mournful days,
And memories of the dead child's ways.

His will be done, His will be done!
Who gave and took away my son,
In "the far land" to shine and sing
Before the Beautiful, the King,*
Who every day doth Christmas make,
All starr'd and bell'd for Charlie's sake.

For Charlie's sake I will arise;
I will anoint me where he lies,
And change my raiment, and go in
To the Lord's House, and leave my sin
Without, and seat me at his board,
Eat, and be glad, and praise the Lord.
For wherefore should I fast and weep,
And sullen moods of mourning keep?
I cannot bring him back, nor he,
For any calling, come to me.†
The bond the angel Death did sign,
God sealed—for Charlie's sake, and mine.

I'm very poor—his slender stone
Marks all the narrow field I own;
Yet, patient husbandman, I till
With faith and prayers that precious hill,
Sow it with penitential pains,
And, hopeful, wait the latter rains;
Content if, after all, the spot
Yield barely one forget-me-not—
Whether or figs or thistles make
My crop, content for Charlie's sake.

I have no houses, builded well—
Only that little lonesome cell,
Where never romping playmates come,
Nor bashful sweethearts, cunning-dumb—
An April burst of girls and boys,
Their rainbowed cloud of glooms and joys,
Born with their songs, gone with their toys;
Nor ever is its stillness stirred
By purr of cat, or chirp of bird,
Or mother's twilight legend, told
Of Homer's pie, or Tiddler's gold,
Or Fairy, hobbling to the door,
Red-cloaked and weird, banned and poor,
To bless the good child's gracious eyes,
The good child's wistful charities,
And crippled changeling's hunch to make
Dance on his crutch, for good child's sake.

How is it with the child? 'Tis well;
Nor would I any miracle
Might stir my sleeper's tranquil trance,
Or plague his painless countenance:
I would not any Seer might place
His staff on my immortal's face,
Or lip to lip, and eye to eye,
Charm back his pale mortality.
No, Shunammite! I would not break
God's stillness. Let them weep who wake.‡

For Charlie's sake my lot is blest;
No comfort like his mother's breast,
No praise like her's; no charm expressed
In fairest forms hath half her zest.
For Charlie's sake this bird's caressed
That Death left lonely in the nest;
For Charlie's sake my heart is dressed,
As for it's birth-day, in its best;
For Charlie's sake, we leave the rest
To Him who gave, and who did take,
And saved us twice, for Charlie's sake.

—*Tribune.* * * *.

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* Isaiah xxxiii.: 17. † 2 Samuel, xii.: 16, 23. ‡ 2 Kings, iv.: 26, 29, 34.

O'CONNELL DESCRIBED BY GUIZOT.

I found Mr. O'Connell exactly the sort of man I had pictured to myself. There was something, perhaps, in this, but it is always much to answer expectation. He was tall, bulky, robust, animated, his head a little sunk between the shoulders, with an air of strength and shrewdness; strength everywhere, shrewdness in the quick glance, slightly indirect although not indicating duplicity; he was neither elegant nor vulgar, his manner a little embarassed yet firm, with even a tincture of suppressed arrogance. His politeness towards the Englishmen of condition he met there was mingled slightly with humility and pride; it was apparent that they had once been his masters, and that now he exercised power over them; he had submitted to their rule and he accepted their attentions. He was evidently flattered at being invited to meet me. On our introduction, I said to him, "You and I, sir, are here two great evidences of the progress of justice and good sense; you, a Catholic, are a member of the English House of Commons; I, a Protestant, am the Ambassador of France." This opening remark pleased him, and during dinner we conversed together almost like old acquaintances. During the morning, Mrs. Stanley had hesitated about an evening party; nevertheless she had decided for it; and after dinner I saw arrive Lord and Lady Palmerston, Lord Normanby, Lord Clarendon, the Bishop of Norwich, Lady William Russell, and several others. On leaving the dinner-table a fit of social modesty seized Mr. O'Connell—he wished to take his departure. "You have company," said he, to Mr. Stanley. "Yes, but pray remain, we expect you to do so." "No, no, I must go." "Stay, I entreat you." He stayed, with visible satisfaction not unmingled with pride. "That, then, is Mr. O'Connell?" said Lady William Russell to me, who probably had never seen him before. "Yes," I replied, "and I come from Paris to tell you so." "You thought, perhaps, that we passed our lives with him?" "No, I see evidently that you do not." All appeared glad of the opportunity to make themselves agreeable to him, and he seemed equally inclined to profit by it. He spoke much; he detailed the progress of temperance in Ireland; the drunkards were disappearing by thousands—the taste for regular habits and more refined manners advanced in proportion as inebriety receded. No one expressed the slightest doubt. I asked him whether this was a mere puff of popular humor or a lasting reform! He replied gravely, "It will last; we are a persevering race, as all are who have suffered much." He took pleasure in addressing himself to me—in calling me to witness the improved fortune of his country, and his personal triumph. I retired towards midnight, and was the first to go, leaving Mr. O'Connell surrounded by four cabinet ministers and five or six ladies of rank, who listened to him with a mixture, somewhat comic, of curiosity and pride, of deference and disdain.—*An Embassy to the Court of St. James's in* 1840.

The best of all blessings is a heart which partakes God's benevolence, which feels its relation to the universe, which is bound by friendship to the good, by sympathy to the afflicted, and by an overflowing tenderness to the circle of domestic life.—*Channing.*

Happiness is derived chiefly from activity, from conscious growth, from the successful effort to improve our powers, from rising by our own energy to an improved condition.—*Channing.*

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